FUGITIVE ESSAYS,

IN

PROSE AND VERSE,

BY

Mr. M. DAWES,

(AUTHOR of ſeveral ANONYMOUS PIECES.)

To which are added,

SOME CURSORY MEMOIRS

OF

Miſs Y—G, Mrs. W—N, and Miſs R—NS,

OF

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

Harvard College Library.

—— Fondneſs for Fame, is Avarice of Air.
I grant the Man is vain, who writes for Praiſe;
Praiſe no Man e'er deſerv'd, who fought no more.

YOUNG.

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PREFACE.

THESE petites pieces, now first selected, are committed to the public eye, by the importunate desire of many of the Author's friends. If therefore to oblige them, he has ventured his reputation as a writer, in the deep ocean of literature, to them only he attributes the risk of fame and profit; two things generally in view by vanity or want; neither of these however are in the present case. To oblige is the Author's highest pleasure, and if in this attempt he succeeds with his well wishers, he can have no reason to regard the contrary in others; but be convinced that all the purposes of publishing a few scattered trifles (wrote chiefly at an early age) will be sufficiently answered.

To the Critic's microscopic eye, nothing is presented but tolerable paper and a decent type, to his candour, the Authr's different subjects,

and

and his ſtyle, make their appeal; and conſcious that none but friends and acquaintances will deem the price of his book beneath thought; to ſtrangers he makes an apology for the expence which their curioſity may occaſion: If, of them, he has any thing to ſupplicate, it is their good-nature towards him, in oppoſition to a reſentwent they may otherwiſe be inclined to ſhew, for a poſſible diſappointment.

One thing further is ſubmitted to the readers in general, i. e. from the incorrectneſs of the compoſitor, many reviſes of the Author in the proof ſheets have eſcaped his attention, and cauſed, diſagreeably, a Table of Errata. Therefore, wherever, in the verſes, there may appear a miſtake, *or in the proof* falſe concord, *the reader is intreated to refer to the corrections in ſuch table, which follows the eſſays, and not attribute to the Author, the accidental errors of the Printer.*

DEDI-

DEDICATION.

TO THE

AUTHOR's FRIENDS.

IF I apologized to you for the preſent publication, which will in ſome meaſure give you a tranſcript of my mind under various affections, you would probably join in ſentiment with a deceaſed Author *, that it proceeded from an idea, I was either violating modeſty, or preſumed myſelf able to inſtruct or entertain mankind; but as I chearfully obey your call, and ſupercede my own opinion, on the merit or demerit of the ſucceeding pages, it is enough that I look up to you with reſpect, and promiſe myſelf every ſatisfaction in return, which a liberal mind can poſſibly receive in gratifying the deſire of his friends.

I have the happineſs to know, that among you there are many excellent judges of literary compoſition; whoſe knowledge in the polite arts, place them in an elevated ſtation, while I am ſet a conſiderable diſtance from them. To be tempted, therefore, to this taſk, by any of them, is receiving an honour I never expected, becauſe, till now, I never imagined I deſerved it.

* Mr. Shenſtone.

This

This can be no compliment, for to ſpeak ſincerely, is to breath the voice of truth; which I apprehend is too ſimple and unimbeliſhed to carry any thing flattering with it: but ſhould I enlarge further on this head, I may innocently lead you to imagine, that I am courting you for unmerited praiſe. Permit me, therefore, to expreſs my hope, that (after dedicating theſe fugitive pieces to you) they will be worthy a place in your reſpective libraries. —*Nonumque prematur in annum*, is the advice of Horace; and ſhould I be charged with diſregarding it on the preſent occaſion, I muſt ſay I have done myſelf a ſuperior pleaſure by following yours, which if never offered me, neither you or the public would at all be acquainted with the ſubſequent miſcellanies.

In this declaration, my language I truſt, will be found ſincere, though in nothing more ſo, than in ſubſcribing myſelf,

Your obliged,
much honoured,
and devoted humble ſervant,

February 1, 1776.

M. Dawes.

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FUGITIVE PIECES.

A

PASTORAL ELEGY.

Occaſioned by a Thunder-ſtorm.

IN this ſequeſter'd, melancholy grove,
Where once fond Damon with his Laura ſtray'd,
I ſing the pleaſure of their artleſs love,
And mourn the loſs of each deſerted glade.

With native innocence here Damon ſought,
And Laura gave, the chaſte, the gentle ſmile;
He ſooth'd with words, by ſimple nature taught,
While Laura liſten'd in the languid ſtyle.

With mutual toil, and mutual mind,
They paſs'd the various labours of the year,
When each reſolv'd to treat the other kind,
And chace (for love) the thought of ev'ry fear.

If Laura travers'd o'er the dewy mead,
Her cow's full udder was her morning care;
Damon attending, oft her kine would lead,
Nor wanted aught to make him welcome there.

Laſt wake of all, where lads and laſſes rove,
He bought a ſilver ring for Laura's wear,
And choſe a poſy of his earneſt love,
To ſhew how fond, how true, he was ſincere.

Nor neighb'ring ſcandal ever deign'd to ſay,
That Damon's wiſhes were at all impure;
Nor once affirm'd he lov'd in other lay
Than what by lawful means might love inſure.

Happy at laſt was Damon in his ſuit,
And Laura alſo, by her parents voice;
And well might he enjoy his plaintive lute,
When he conſent obtain'd to wed his choice.

And now, at intervals of work, they ſought
The fitteſt colour for fair Laura's gown;
They pluck'd the poppies, and at length they thought
That Laura's beauty beſt became a brown.

While thus on Fancy's pleaſing wing they ſoar'd,
The clouds grew black, and all around was drear;
Dread lightning flaſh'd, and loud the thunder roar'd,
And ev'ry timid heart was ſunk in fear.

Affrighted Laura, on a barley heap,
Fainted and fell, to all appearance loſt,
When hapleſs Damon ſtrove her life to keep,
With all his hopes and woeful wiſhes croſt.

But, ah! in vain he ev'ry art employ'd,
When thund'ring peals, more horrid than before,
Struck the fond pair, their deareſt joys deſtroy'd,
And lifeleſs left their bodies, now no more.

Damon and Laura dead! where then more hard
Is human fate on earth below now found?
Yet, thanks to th' gods, their bounty we regard,
IN BLASTING BOTH, THAT LIFE MIGHT NEITHER WOUND.

To LAURA.

I.

If innocence, adjoin'd to eaſe,
With modeſt chearfulneſs to pleaſe,
And thoughts as pure as æther, dreſs'd
With virtue, and religion bleſs'd;
Good-nature, yet nor bold nor free,
Nor apt to bluſh at repartee:
If in my girl theſe beauties prove,
'Tis ſurely then no harm to love.

II.

In vain we ſtrive to ſpurn the dart,
When Cupid hovers round the heart;
When ev'ry ſenſe combines to charm,
And ev'ry look the ſoul alarm:
Oh! then it is we feel the woe
Of hope, deſpair, and wiſhes too.
Tho' yet if kind my Laura prove,
I'm ſure 'tis then no harm to love.

III.

While thus her praiſes here I ſing,
Soft as the vernal dews in ſpring,

I bleſs

I bleſs the ſcene, I bleſs the night,
That brought her firſt unto my ſight;
For then her eyes foretold my fate,
(Alas! I hope ſhe cannot hate)
Nor will my mind e'er think to rove,
Since her alone I'm bound to love.

IV.

What joy to me can others bring?
Or what the pride of coming ſpring,
Unleſs my Laura proves ſincere,
And tells me I have nought to fear?
And if the lovely Laura ſmiles,
Farewel deſpair and hapleſs wiles;
For then, ye ſwains, I'm ſure ſhe'll prove,
That 'tis no harm for me to love.

V.

Could ſhe forgive a jealous fear,
That love with her is not a care;
I'd ſay, ye gods! ſhe does not know
A tythe of what I undergo:
Nor can ſhe tell the wound ſhe gave,
When all her looks confirm'd me *ſlave*.
My freedom then (whate'er I ſtrove)
Was loſt, alas! in Laura's love.

VI.

Let then a voice that love has made
My pray'rs re-eccho thro' the glade,
To tell around that Laura's kind,
And brings true pleaſure to my mind.
But ere I crave once more to view
Yon ſetting ſun his courſe renew,
Grant, ye gods! that Laura prove,
I ſhall be happy in my love.

On a LADY's BIRTH-DAY.

COME hail, ye ſongſters of the grove,
And tune your pipes to harmony and love,
To welcome in this day,
And gratulate the auſpicious birth
Of her who loves in ſtricteſt truth,
Who's gen'rous, kind and gay.

Now all your notes in concert raiſe,
And ſing, Oh! ſing my Laura's praiſe,
To whom all good belongs.
And tell around, ye pleaſing birds,
For what, for whom, and whence affords,
Thy ſweet melodious ſongs.

Nor

Nor ceaſe thy lays ſweet joys to prove,
Ye ſoftners of a heart in love,
'Till ye are bid to hiſh!
But ſing, long live the beauteous maid,
Whoſe mind no ills may e'er invade,
And wiſh her mighty bliſs.

Let ev'ry heart with love reſound,
Rejoice this day, and hail around,
For one whom I obey;
Whoſe life may be one ſcene of peace,
Subjoin'd with fortune, health, and eaſe,
'Tis all I have to pray.

To a Young LADY *on* Valentine-day.

HASTE, haſte, my fair, to yonder grove,
That blooming ſeat ſo fit for love.
Inſpired by the tuneful Nine,
I've choſe you for my Valentine.

The feather'd ſongſters, happy they,
Now bill and frolic on the ſpray;
And each you ſee on yonder pine,
Is looking out his Valentine.

In

In love and friendſhip, thro' the year,
Unknown to grief, or worldly care,
They chirp and ſing, from pine to pine,
Each happy in his Valentine.

Like them, my fair, may you and I,
In perfect friendſhip live and die.
Nor after courtly matters pine,
But love and live my Valentine.

How pure will friendſhip then appear,
From day to day, from year to year!
I'll bleſs the gods if thou'lt be mine,
And live my conſtant Valentine.

The PARTING KISS.

WHAT love I have within my breaſt enclos'd,
My anxious heart to you hath long expos'd;
For what but love could make a youth more true,
Whoſe troubled thoughts embodies nought but you?
Oft have I heard, and think, my dear, indeed,
That love and truth for ever will ſucceed;
The laſt, I find, encreaſes virtue's gain;
The firſt, alas! enhances worldly pain.

Oh!

Oh! hard the fate at which I oft have ſigh'd;
The more we love, the more our love is try'd.
My courſe the weſt, while your's the wretched north,
With haſty rigour calls each lover forth.
Oh! may we meet thrice happy in our love,
By heavn's high will, no hand to diſapprove.
'Till then remember, and bear it well in mind,
That as I leave you, ſo I hope to find.

An Extempore SOLILOQUY, *meditated in a Field.*

PLAC'D on a ſpot, where only earth and ſky
Afford the horizon; unſeen by cottage, or habitable town,
I ruminate on all the ways of man;
Where each purſue (tho' diff'rent roads they take)
The ſame high path to happineſs,
Unthinking at their journey's end to be deceiv'd.
Ten thouſand obſtacles protract their wandring ſteps;
And when they think themſelves moſt ſafe,
Are furtheſt from their point
Love, hatred, diſſimulation, and every paſſion,

Warring againſt each other in ſeparate intereſts,
While the imperfect maſs of man
Torments itſelf with painful expectation.
Where is that ſuperior eye, that can unfold below
The end of all our woes, and proclaim around
The doom diſtinctly of us all?
In my own melancholy ſtudious frame
I feel the wonders of Omnipotency,
Whoſe high will forbids perfection in our preſent ſtate;
Where, like wretches in a tempeſt,
We expect to fathom the eternal deep.
Thus, while I ſurvey the progreſs of the clouds,
Which (like the haſt'ning bird piercing the air
In relief of its anxious neſtling) roll on
To quench ſome thirſty ſpot,
My impleated thought declares
The Atheiſt loſt in ev'ry act of providence.

Theſe are ſuggeſtions from ideas,
Which oft perplex mankind of ſerious nature.
The man of God's own heart felt them
In his reflections,
When he conſidered the heavens, the work
Of the Almighty's fingers, the moon and ſtars
Which he ordain'd.
But why theſe gloomy thoughts?
Since Love, the ruler of our hearts,
Deſtroys them all—and like the riſing of the moon,
It makes us leſs lament the ſetting ſun?

Oh

Oh love, thou tyrant of the age,
What joy we ought to find in thee,
Since ev'ry other joy by thee is loſt!
All we have we quit for love,
And by its lordly call we leave our native home.
It breaks thro' friendſhip, and tears with rapid charms,
" The ſighing maid from her fond mother's arms."
It has no equal, but acts without controul,
And reigns ungovern'd in th' immortal ſoul.

A MONOLOGUE.

Wrote in Kenſington Gardens.

Addreſſed to a LADY.

AS the genial ſun re-animates the water'd plants,
Who in humble gratitude ſeem to return praiſe
To their omniſcient founder,
And proudly ſmile in verdure at that which gave 'em birth;
So I, in unfurling my ideas to thy entender'd heart,
Exult with joy at the hero of my pen,
And bleſs ſincerely the object of my bliſs:
Tho', like an invaded fortreſs,
I am beſieg'd around by deſigning foes,

Whoſe blood recoils at the peace of thoſe within,
Yet can I (tho' not ſo haply) to you
Convey my thoughts by ſome obedient quill.

Oft, under the covert of elm and ſhady groves,
Where I am wont my frame to proſtrate,
Near which the chryſtal brook pours forth its waters,
And murmurs in its courſe I deeply
Ruminate on the ſupernal works of heaven,
Big with fluctuating thoughts my mind
Lull'd in calm ſerenity, I talk in imagination
With the vernal ſhrubs, which more than man
Yield to nature's law, and flouriſh in return.
From this cool retreat, moſt fragrant,
I view the plumed nation, whoſe jocund ſpirits
My plaintive voice attend, and aſk me
Why I look ſo dull? 'till in exchanging converſe,
From branch to branch they ſkip,
And ſay, 'Tis ſurely love.——Stunn'd with ſurprize,
I rais'd my ſpirits at the thought, think
The warbling creatures honeſt, and crave
Their aid to make a captive happy:
When readily they appear to anſwer,
'Tis them I ought to copy;
And yield when mutual love demands.
Soothed beyond compare, I enjoy the thought
Of truth, and think myſelf
In this retreat ſuperlatively eaſy:

While pale villainy—haggard wretchedneſs,
Fell debauchery, and diſſipation wild,
Combine 'gainſt meek-ey'd innocence,
And riot in the ſpoils of virtue.
Thus ſooth'd, as follows I repeat:

" Attend, ye trees, ye woods, ye brooks,
Ye undulating waters—and join
In ſong with an humble human plant.
Riſe, ye little fiſh, exhale thy ſcaly powers
In praiſe of the Almighty, who form'd
The world from naught, and all that therein is;
Plac'd our primëval parents
In the land of bliſs, and gave to man
A mind ſuperior to all, to make him ruler
Of the immenſe creation.——
Riſe, ye worms, from your earthly caverns,
And view the wonders of Omnipotence;
Diffuſe your ſilent praiſes to the Lord of Lords,
In emanations of divineſt complacency,
And then reſume your element again;
Leſt on its ſuperfices, where man exiſts,
Ye receive contagion, and on a ſudden
Convert thy innocence to ill."

Thus repeating, the herbs and trees,
From a ſeeming ſenſe of what I utter,

Shew

Shew theirs, by entering their dark receſſes;
'Till, from a pauſe contemplative and long,
My mind concludes, That to be virtuous,
Is to be retir'd; 'To ſteal from the
Degen'rate crowd,' aſſociate little;
And to be happy is alone the buſineſs
Of thoſe who are content;
Remote to every one who really loves,
Like you and yours.

The SITUATION.

WHAT tho' I once reſolv'd and ſtrove
To quell and ſpurn the force of love,
I then could not my mind controul,
While ſuch fond pangs were in my ſoul;
Thus was I when I thought of love,
And fancied pain I might remove.—
Alas! how free we ſhew our will
To ſtop the love we do not feel!——

For feeling now I can no refuge find,
But in the favours of my charmer's mind.

Peace

Peace and content from hence appear a dream,
While love remains my ſympathetic theme.
In vain I ſtrive my paſſions to appeaſe,
But ev'ry thought is ſtranger to my eaſe;
Excepting that whereby I hope to have
The happy hand and heart of her I crave.
Where'er I ſeek or roam, at night or morn,
Still ev'ry place is abſent and forlorn:
Imagin'd joys amuſe my troubled brain,
Inflames my mind, and ends in woeful pain.
Thus ſhall it be 'till I partake the kiſs,
And Cupid crowns the object of my bliſs.

On a NEW YEAR.

I.

WElcome, new year, now time rejoice again,
Thou god of hope, who eaſe impending pain;
Hail tender year, feeble as young,
Nor let thy welcome be unſung,
By all who crave relief in fortune's womb,
In hope's deep abyſs, in time's recumbent womb.

II. In

II.

In form thou art but what appear'd the laſt,
Save thou art preſent, while decay'd's the paſt;
Promiſing new joys below,
To ev'ry friend, to ev'ry foe,
Whoſe anxious heart poſſeſſes new deſires,
Whoſe ardent wiſh freſh expectation fires.

III.

This year is but the laſt once more reſtor'd,
From thouſands gone, by *thouſands* now ador'd;
As heaven's gift to mortal man,
To alter and reform his plan,
From folly, vice, and diſſipation join'd,
And all the errors of the human mind.

IV.

Its predeceſſor's fate let it not ſhare,
Nor, like its ſiſters, die without repair;
Let it not exhale in fume,
Beneath an awful earthly loom,
Nor ſtain us deeper with unhallow'd wrong,
Too much now felt by all the virtuous throng.

V. Shall

V.

Shall we be poorer for celeſtial love?
More wretched for the clemencies above?
In lending us, year after year,
To wipe away reflection's tear,
By moral duties and religion pure,
By works in faith to our eternal cure?

VI.

The cure of ſouls neglected while unſought,
Remember'd often with *unthinking* thought,
Demands, alas! a doleful ſigh,
When the *year of death* is nigh;
Too late, perhaps, to recognize a life,
Miſled in ambient wretchedneſs and ſtriſe.

VII.

O thou Supreme, that ſuffers this New Year
To chaſe, like Heos †, all nocturnal fear,
When dawning on the riſing day,
To force the former far away,
Impreſs our hearts with love of ſacred fame,
And let us ſacrifice to God, then die the ſame.

† *The Morning Star.*

II.

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The CONQUEST *of* PASSION.

WHILE faint with boundleſs extaſy I hung
On the ſoft accents of Caliſta's tongue,
I felt ten thouſand fancies in my mind;
The more I kiſs'd, the more I was inclin'd.
Enrag'd by love, and loſt to ev'ry thought,
I almoſt deign'd to act as paſſion taught;
For who, when love unto its ſummit flies,
Can hark to reaſon, or from th' banquet riſe?
That ſweet repaſt, which to the Gods invite
The richeſt ſavours, clad with rich delight!
To force averſe againſt myſelf I ſtrove,
To quell the progreſs of a rapid love;
My nerves enfeebled, and my thought inſpir'd,
My actions taught what prudence had acquir'd;
Taught but from honour, that moſt certain road,
Which leads obedient man to ſolid good.
I took my leave of dear Caliſta's hand,
And ſtood enamour'd at her dear command.
Still from a ſenſe of what might ſoon enſue,
I faintly preſs'd her hand——and ſigh'd—adieu!
Thus, when love uſurps our reaſon's throne,
How bleſt the man who acts from ſenſe alone;

Who void of luſt, and for a moment's joy,
Can ſoften paſſion, and not his peace annoy!
Thrice happy they, who once by love are caught,
Can cheriſh *reaſon*, by what *reflection* taught.

To an unfortunate VESTAL WIFE.

LET Swift, deceas'd, an author now no more,
Repoſe in peace, nor female wrongs explore,
His ſenſe of weakneſs, and his ſenſe of pride,
In woman's loſt, in woman's miſapply'd.
The flowing gall that once bedew'd his quill,
In you is ſweeten'd, who counteracts his will;
Oh had he liv'd in this corrupted age,
When vice is cheap, when virtue quits the ſage,
And known but one, whoſe ſenſe alone wou'd claim,
Like your's, a tribute from the god of fame,
He then would drop the acrimonious line,
And look amaz'd at woman ſo ſublime!
He'd own, with ſhame, his pen had none exempt,
But gather'd all your ſex in one contempt.

If virtue, ſenſe, and placid temper yield
A heav'nly joy, in you we find the ſhield;
A ſhield uncommon, and heretofore unknown,
A § *happy* woman upon *misfortune's* throne;
And tho' decreed to join the nuptial band,
With one (who void of heart) could but give his hand;
Long time you liv'd a paſſive ſacrifice,
To ſave repute, to hide the blackeſt vice †.
Say then, adulterers. how glorious the act,
A wife diſcarded, and a true wife in fact?
Long have we ſung Penelope's chaſte life,
Who ten long years was left an abſent wife;
Who, when the tedious Trojan war was o'er,
Receiv'd Ulyſſes as faithful as before.
We to her virtue paid the tribute due,
And you her equal, are faithfully as true.

Sweet is your voice, and honeſt is your heart,
You act the friend within the ſocial part,
Not unforgetful of your duty taught,
Your life's the teſt of wiſdom trebly fraught;
Malice with her ſcorpion tongue may deign
To ſpeak you ill, your conduct to arraign,

§ *This is meant in conceiving innocence.*

† *This unfortunate Lady was married to a lover of her own ſex.*

But

But when grown hoarſe by diabolic cries,
She'll ſtop the progreſs of her enormities,
Nor work no more her venom'd ſhaſt of lies ‖.

Could I vouchſafe to paint you fair as bright,
(Impartially devoid of ev'ry other right)
The whole ſex ſhines by your reflected light.

Our ſex have long thro' uſurpation reign'd,
And by their tyranny their rule maintain'd;
'Till wanton grown by arbitrary ſway,
"Depos'd by you they practiſe to obey;"
In fine, if aught elſe could be ſaid of you,
That's ſacred, generous, juſt, or true,
I'd boaſt a woman of unbounded ſenſe,
From affectation free, as arrogance,
Uniform in action—your pious will the ſame,
You crown the fair within the reach of fame.

‖ *Alluding to the calumny of her enemies.*

EPITAPHS.

IMPROMPTU *on the Death of a* CANARY-BIRD.

AT length poor *Dicky's* gone to reſt,
Whoſe warbling notes, whilſt living, did inſpire
The grave, the dull, the ſullen breaſt
With homefelt joys, and animated fire.

Oft did he ſkip from ſide to ſide
Of his contracted habitable cage,
Waking each morn in his plumage pride
With ſongs untaught upon this mortal ſtage.

Yet after all his ſoothing lays,
In dreary *Death* he found a fatal truſt;
For *Dicky* having ſeen his days,
Is gone, alas! to his eternal *rooſt*.

As

As many verſes had appeared under the title of Epitaphs, upon the death of the late General Wolfe, the Author was induced [as if any thing in him could excel] to attempt ſomething under the ſame head, which, more to oblige an acquaintance than pleaſe himſelf, he did as follows; not without a juſt ſenſe, that fulſome praiſe, like burleſque, is but calumny at beſt; and therefore, tho' his wiſhes to do juſtice to ſo noble a character may fall ſhort in words, he endeavoured to ſupply that defect, by ſaying in familiar numbers, the whole of what *he* thought his memory deſerved.

EPITAPH,

On the late GENERAL WOLFE.

Mors omnibus communis.

READER, attend! within this grave remains
The ſhatter'd body of a valiant man,
Whoſe joy was center'd in thoſe dread domains,
Which ſhortens life, and renders it a ſpan.

The

The field of war, where kings decide their wrongs,
By them upheld with pride, with wealth and hate,
Is where this man (a loſs in martial ſongs)
In conqu'ring fell a martyr to his fate.

Nor yet devoid of courage or of ſkill,
His mind (with ardent emulation fir'd)
Was form'd his foes to vanquiſh or to kill,
With Mars to ſacrifice, was all his ſoul deſir'd.

But, ah! how fatal was that conqu'ring hour,
When laſt he brav'd the providence of life,
When one dire blow reduc'd his warlike pow'r,
And left him lifeleſs in the field of ſtrife!

Thus was he levell'd with the humble earth,
To prove the preſence of *all-conqu'ring* death,
Which, tho' at firſt he dar'd the ſpectre forth,
At length he welcom'd with his dying breath.

Virtue and valour now ſurvive his doom,
And ſing his praiſe throughout the Britiſh land;
While they're recorded in this awful loom ‖,
Let ev'ry heart be his that takes command.

‖ *Weſtminſter-Abbey.*

IMPROMPTU, *on the Death of the late Princeſs Dowager of* Wales.

PEACE to her manes!—the fatal hour is paſt,
When death approach'd, and pierc'd his pointed dart;
Here envy's rage into oblivion's caſt,
And fame will ſpring from ev'ry human heart.

While thus I muſe, let ev'ry ſoul around
Attune her name with univerſal praiſe;
Since all her wrongs were but an empty ſound,
To feed detraction, and ſedition raiſe.

Death in itſelf now opes the gate of fame,
While envy's valves are rivetted with gloom,
Nor more the villain ſhall his hate proclaim,
'Gainſt her who's thrown to an eternal doom.

Deep is the thought that leads me to theſe lines,
To think how certain is the *death* of all;
For *Kings* and *Princes* have their mortal ſhrines,
And muſt at length obey its tyrant call.

On a favourite Dog called FOX.

HOW ſhall I mourn poor Fox's dreaded death!
How ſhall I paint the ſweetneſs of his breath!
A life more ſage, more pure, there could not be;
My Fox was faithful, diligent and free.
In life no animal we meet ſo true,
Tho' having reaſon in preference to you.
But what is reaſon, ſince we daily find
She firſt inſtructs, and then deſtroys mankind?—
Fox was wiſe, and wiſer far than man,
Whoſe life's a load, whoſe reaſon's but a ſpan.
Think then, O reader, ere you depart to duſt,
Tho' wrong this thought, the inference is juſt.

Another on PERTO.

HAPPY creature, how ſecure
From all the troubles we endure
In this corrupted age!
A ſordid prudence drew thee hence,
From fraud and fell impertinence,
So rife among the ſage.

II.

An animal ſo wiſe as you,
So fond, ſo *pert*, ſo juſt, ſo true,
Demands a pleaſing thought:
And tho' a dog affords the theme,
If man would deign to live the ſame,
He'd act as nature taught.

III.

Not as a monſter or an elf,
He'd vainly boaſt his wretched ſelf
On birth, on ſenſe, on taſte:
But follow that true golden rule,
That honeſty is not a fool,
Tho' copied from a beaſt.

Another on MOPSEY.

WHAT, alas, avails this world,
Or what therein have we to crave?
Since all muſt be like Mopſey, hurl'd,
Without diſtinction, to the grave!

II.

Could we in life our vices ſpurn,
Repair our deeds without delay,
And reſt, like thee, within our urn,
We ſhould not fear our Judgment Day.

III.

But O how diff'rent is our tax
From that of brutal dog or bear!
Accounting for our worldly acts
A taſk, alas! not wanted here.

On a LADY, *who died of Grief.*

(Engraved on her Tomb.)

NATURE at length with me hath play'd her part,
As with you all, ſome once, ſhe will exert.
Releas'd am I from care and worldly ſtrife,
Which were the raſh decrees of my ſhort life.
Short life, indeed! for all the days of man,
Compar'd to future time, is not a ſpan.
By Death I'm freed from ſorrow, grief and woe,
The bitter pangs with which my heart did flow;

Freed from a world where fraud and vice abound,
I'm now at reſt——'till Judgment calls around;
With hopes, on that Great Day, when all and all
Stand forth, that I, by faith, ſhall hear my call
To eternal bliſs——
Thro' Chriſt alone, who died and roſe for all.

Hence learn, however anxious is the heart,
So ſure as once we meet, ſo ſure we once muſt part.

ODE *to* CHRIST.

O pater! O hominem! ſummi regnati Olympi,
dilecti nati, funus crudele videbis.

INSPIRE me, heaven, nor in me leave a thought
Untouch'd, untry'd, to ſing a Saviour's praiſe;
Free from the vicious pangs of a mind untaught,
May my poor pen his God-like virtues raiſe.

Yet

Yet ah how vain I try the heav'nly theme,
Or the great taſk attempt alone to ſcan!
Since he outſhines the luſtre of all fame,
Who liv'd a Mortal, and who died a Man.

O for a voice on fire, to ſtop the dreaded crime
Of men who live regardleſs of thy word,
Whoſe tranſient pleaſure is but loſs of time,
Senſeleſs of what ſuch loſs will ſoon afford.

Would but our fellow-creatures hark awhile,
And ſtrive their wand'ring paſſions to ſubdue,
I'd teach them ſolace from thy god-like ſtile,
To ſoften ſorrow, and their joys renew.

For who that follows thee, but lives above
The common fate of irreligious man?
In thee, by FAITH, we taſte celeſtial love,
Nor think of life, but as a trifling ſpan.

Superior pleaſure doth the mind enjoy,
When moor'd with eaſe in reſignation's bay;
Where peace prevails—no horrors to annoy,
The bliſsful moments of a virtuous lay.

The chariot rolling on its gilded wheels,
Contains, 'tis true, ſome one of noble birth;
But nobler far is he who amply feels
The fear of him that reigns above this earth.

The Deiſts boaſt of all their moral life,
Whilſt Atheiſts hold Religion's all a trade;
But yet in both ſucceeds a conſcious ſtrife,
Nor were thy precepts for ſuch mortals made.

But thou, O Lord, diſtributes all thy joys
To thoſe whoſe virtue taſtes their richeſt ſweet,
And ſinks the crimes indulg'd for earthly joys
With good immortal and with grace replete.

Come then, fair man, before it be too late,
And join with chearfulneſs the CHRISTIAN band:
Deſert the follies of a tranſitory ſtate,
Since WISDOM calls throughout a CHRISTIAN land.

EXTEMPORE *on the Death of Mr.* POWELL, *the Player.*

" POWELL deceas'd !" the Muſes ſaid,
With hands uplifted to the ſkies:
Each ſpoke with low reclining head,
" Alas! too ſoon the Player dies.

" For him let's join in humble note,
" Nor yet forgetful of his pow'r,
" While others boaſt of wiſdom fraught,
" Let his be known, now he's no more!

" The toil-ſtrung nerve and tender heart
" No more from him will gently feel
" The father, friend, or lover's part,
" More piercing than the pointed ſteel.

The Muſes thus in vocal lay
At once with ſorrow's doleful tone,
Mourn'd at his death o'er his cold clay,
And crown'd his body for their own.

LEVITIES.

The OLD MAID.

SOME maids too ſoon, they cry, "I will,"
To bleſs a wanton mate:
And ſome there are——oh worſt of ill!
That cry, "I will," too late.

'Mong theſe I place the priſtine maid,
Who's paſt the nuptial day,
Who void of ev'ry lover's aid,
Sings nought in am'rous lay.

Perhaps they'll ſay, they live recluſe
From man's deſpotic rule;
And joy themſelves with minds profuſe
In Dian's lonely ſchool;

And thus avail their ſecret thought
From prejudicial fears,
While others taſte the fickle knot
Replete with worldly cares.

Perhaps they think themſelves aright
On reaſon's vaunted throne,
To have and hold that dimful light,
Which they at length bemoan.

The rule of nature muſt abate,
Were all to be thus taught;
And ſoon, alas! would life ſtagnate,
Nor order as it ought.

But after all theſe whimſies ſaid,
From fancy's loweſt gleaning;
Tho' much they wiſh to die a maid,
'Tis known they have no meaning.

For women muſt be women ſtill,
If womens ſoul they bear:
Yet what they can't obtain by will,
They cry they do not fear.

And when averſe to friendly rules,
  And cold to native joy,
Their mind and years the lover cools,
  And haply leaves the courteous boy,

Unnotic'd by the ſoothing train,
  With ſkin and grief impent,
They all againſt themſelves exclaim,
  And finally—repent.

And when to bind the gordian knot
  They find themſelves too late,
They ne'er want words, and God knows what,
  To juſtify their fate.

Still, tho' they will not thus confeſs,
  To add to their diſgrace,
It matters not how they tranſgreſs,
You read it—IN THEIR FACE.

The SENTIMENT.

YOU aſk, Was I to change my life,
What ſort of girl I'd take to wife?
Not one who coy or eaſy ſeems:
I hate alike the two extremes.
She ſatiates who at firſt complies;
She ſtarves my love who long denies.
The maid muſt not, I'd call my own,
Say *no* too ſoft, nor *yes* too ſoon.

ANSWER.

YOU ſeem to me by what you ſay above,
To know but little of the rights of love.
Coyneſs alone will raiſe the appetite;
Where ſoft reſiſtance doth our love invite.
What muſt we then, from your concluſion draw?
Since "love is liberty, and nature law."
The one is eaſy, and the other coy;
Yet neither one can you at all enjoy.
The free maid ſullies, and the ſhy one ſtarves;
From whence I'm ſure you only love by halves.

And

And tho' you ſay you hate the two extremes,
I'd almoſt ſwear you love in gentle dreams:
For be aſſur'd, the man who harbours love,
Pays no regard to what you diſapprove.
If free and eaſy, he has leſs to ſay;
If coy and ſhy, he long muſt beg and pray.
In ſhort, ſince thus you hem! and thus you hey!
I'm ſure you love not in the *middling* way.

To LAURA.

EXCUSE me, dear Lady, if I ſhould be free,
In addreſſing the language of truth unto thee,
On the ſubject of love; of all the moſt pleaſing,
When receiv'd with delight, if not, the moſt teaſing;
And law thrown aſide, I tranſcribe as I love,
From feeling eſteem, which I hope you'll approve,
Tho' advice I would give you in Goſpel or Law,
In aught elſe I'm conſcious of making a flaw:
Either giving or teaching to you would be wrong,
Since you teach with your eyes, and inſtruct with your tongue.
Oh how can I dare then to offer my voice,
To aid the inſtructed in praiſe of my choice!

For

For who ſees you and hears you, muſt feel alarm,
Yet I hope the contagion may do *me* no harm.
Tho' in love there is ſomething I cannot expreſs,
Which engroſſes the heart, and impells a diſtreſs,
Yet the moments are ſweet that govern the mind:
When love is the theme, and when reaſon is blind,
It conquers our fancy, repleniſhes thought,
Gleans wiſdom from fools, and takes *ſomething* from *nought*:
The grave and the ſage in philoſophy drown'd,
When touch'd by its pangs in ſweet raptures abound;
Devoid of all ſenſe from the ruſt of old times,
They lay down their proſe and advert to their rhymes,
In praiſe both of Cupid and his fond mama,
'Till faint with exceſs, they become a papa.

And now all digreſſion aſide and apart,
I'll preſume to inform you the ſenſe of my heart,
And believe me, I hope that you will adhere
To the ties both of honour, and your's moſt ſincere,
In preſerving a prudence, ſo long as life laſt,
For twenty to come, as for ſeven years paſt;
And not to indulge from your fancy or will,
A paſſion too great for repute to diſtil:
But in love for the preſent, both ponder and pauſe;
Be cautious of ſelf, and be cautious of laws,
Except thoſe which teach us to pray and to watch,
That thoſe who harm mean, may harm ever catch.

—Now

—Now ſince I have touch'd on ev'ry expedient,
I muſt ſubſcribe myſelf, *your* moſt obedient;
But firſt let me tell you, in love and in laws,
You are ſure of a friend in ſincere Mr. DAWES.

The FROLICK *of* PHILLIS.

AS Phillis one morning a maying would go,
While I look'd at her hard—and aſk'd her why ſo?
She faintly reply'd with a voice full of love,
" I cannot do ought but I'm ſure you'll approve."

Oh why would you crave me to ſtay by your ſide,
Says Phillis who bluſh'd, like a new marry'd bride;
Since to love we can yield, in the ſpace of a year,
Enjoyments enough without ſorrow or fear?

SCYPHON.

" But what are the pleaſures of maying to me,
" Or what are the joys that ariſe unto thee;
" When you haſte from my ſight, and leave me
" forlorn,
" When your loſs I lament in the ſtillneſs of morn?"

Still preſs'd by my Phillis for abſence of leave,
I almoſt allow'd her my ſoul to deceive;
And panting, and ſighing, I could not deſiſt,
But embrac'd her again, and with kiſſes was kiſs'd.

Then after a fiction ſo fond and ſo free,
As that of my Phillis tormenting of me;
To ſhew you a maying how much ſhe was prone,
She heard me but ſigh—then declar'd ſhe had done:

An ACROSTIC,

On Miſs YOUNG, *of* Drury-lane Theatre.

E ſteem'd by truth, in virtue's path you rove,
L ike *Pallas* great, thy various paſſions move;
I n thee bright excellence performs its part,
Z enophon no leſs could touch the ſilent heart.
A rt in conflict with ſimple nature vies,
B ut nature rules where art relentleſs dies.
E late with pow'r, you pierce with dear controul,
T he toil-ſtrung nerve, and animated ſoul.
H armonious in voice, thy words in ſoftneſs flow,
Y oung tho' *their tube*, they melt the Dian ſnow:
O n thee, chief author of my preſent thought,
U nfolds the pen of truth, thus unbeſought,
N or flatters thou, who are (beſides careſs'd)
G reat without *title*, and with wiſdom bleſs'd.

A Fa-

A Father's RECIPE for Love, *to his* SON.

SAYS the ſon to his father the ſage,
What is it that troubles my mind?
I feel myſelf ſwoln with rage,
But what is the cauſe I can't find.

Says the father, you're ſurely in love;
Come tell me, boy, who have you ſeen?
Is it Phillis, the maid of the grove,
Or Matty a'top o' the green?

Then the ſon he reply'd with a frown,
It is none, my good father, indeed,
But the ſiſter of Roger the clown,
Whom I ſaw the laſt ſowing of ſeed.

What a fool (cry'd the father) thou art!
Come bear *my example* in mind,
And when you feel love's flame in your heart,
Enjoy the firſt girl who is kind.

RALPH *and* KATE *of the* Green;

Or, Rural Innocence, *a* PASTORAL.

LAST week in the village I lay,
At the cot of a tenant ſo fair,
With whom I'd been making of hay,
And long'd to repoſe myſelf there.

But ah! how in vain did I ſtrive
To ſleep or to reſt without pain;
Since Kate in my thought was alive,
And ſenſibly dwelt in my brain.

Quite early I roſe the next day,
And gently I ſtole to her bed,
Where I ſaw her moſt languiſhing lay;
Good Gods! it diſtracted my head.

She ſigh'd, and towards me did move:
I ſtarted, I ſtumbled, I roll'd;
And pray'd to the Powers above
She'd bleſs me with love uncontroul'd.

Her

Her eyes now ſhe open'd ſo bright,
She pierc'd me to death with her ſmile;
Tho' trembling I ſtood in her ſight,
I woo'd her in love's tender ſtyle.

I begg'd and I cry'd for a kiſs,
But ſhe bluſhingly ſaid I was wrong:
My purpoſe ſhe ſtrove to diſmiſs,
But I ſooth'd her again with a ſong.

Advancing, I ſeiz'd on her hand,
And ſat myſelf down by her ſide;
I vow'd I'd obey her command,
And offer'd to make her my bride.

She anſwer'd, If you are ſincere,
And love me, as I have lov'd you,
The village ſhall not boaſt a pair
More happy, more conſtant or true.

Believe me, my Kate, from my ſoul,
Much anguiſh I've ſuffer'd, indeed;
My love would admit no controul,
And I hope it will ever ſucceed.

Yet what do the paſſions enjoy
When virtue becomes not their ſhield?
I anſwer, that man will ſoon cloy
Who taſtes like the brute in the field.

Ariſe, my dear Kate, if you pleaſe;
Let's haſte to the church in the grove;
For I'm ſure I ſhall not be at eaſe
'Till I'm bleſt with the object I love.

Said Kate, I'll be ready juſt now,
And repair to the altar with thee——
Then at church we recorded our vow,
And are happy, as happy can be.

The CROSS-PURPOSE.

LAURA, regardleſs of her lover's fear,
Recounts the ſtories of her life,
Imparting truths tormenting to his ear,
Unpractis'd by the prudent wife.

Scyphon aroſe offended from his ſeat,
And ſhew'd in warmth his heart-felt woe;
When Laura haſtily, without regret,
Reproach'd his love and feelings too.

At length fond Scyphon to his Laura cry'd,
Why thus reward or wound my love?
Shall I, alas! who for your ſake have dy'd,
My paſſion and myſelf reprove?

Laura here ſmiling with her uſual charms,
Calls out with languor and a ſigh,
Come then, my Damon, to theſe open arms,
For none can love like you and I.

Scyphon

Scyphon and Laura now unite again,
And join their voice in plaintive ſong;
Poſſeſſing pleaſure, and forgetting pain,
They both confeſs *they acted wrong.*

The ASS *and the* MULE:

A BURLESQUE HUDIBRASTIC ALLEGORY.

Qui capit ille facit——

AN Aſs there was, of humble birth,
As e'er was known upon the earth,
Who never, 'till his riper days,
Pretended to the leaſt of praiſe:
And then it was from thoſe below,
And not above him, as we'll ſhew;
For, like a fool, he'd ever be
The King of all his company:

And

And ſtill, to make him more a peſt,
He was the butt of ev'ry beaſt;
For beaſts of all denominations
Have their ratiocinations,
Except this one——thro' reaſon's ſpite,
Who ſcarce had learn'd to *read* or *write*;
But ſtill in fortune's favourite clan,
At laſt preſum'd *to be a man*;
And left his brethren to themſelves,
To mourn his loſs as boys would elves.
And, roaming in the human world,
He all his thoughts and wits unfurl'd,
To learn which way his courſe to ſteer,
With men above the vulgar ſphere;
When running all the claſſes o'er
Of Phyſic, Law, and Goſpel's lore,
To ſettle which he was perplex'd,
At laſt upon *the Law* he fix'd.
(A happy thought! ſince Aſſes raw
Are num'rous in the *wretched Law*;)
Wherein, awhile, he ſtudy'd well,
And laſtly wiſh'd—*the Law* at Hell.
Full weary of this arduous art,
He then aſſum'd ſome other part,
Reſolving ne'er to be at eaſe
'Till once his fancy he could pleaſe:
And now, more *fiery* inclin'd,
He to the *Army* turn'd his mind,

A proof of greater courage far,
To join the claſs of men of *war*.
Yet here, if we may deign to ſpeak,
He prov'd a perfect *Jerry Sneak*;
And, hated by the very *corps*,
He left them all for evermore,
Suppoſing that his diſmal lot,
If longer there, was *to be ſhot*.
He therefore, wiſely, then began
To be, good Lord! a *Gentleman*.
Alas! what pains an Aſs will take
To manage wiſely his laſt ſtake!
For, having travers'd many a walk,
Our Aſs at length can *read* and *talk*,
Nay, *eat* and *drink*; and, for a while,
Can make the *Vulgar* laugh and ſmile,
And freely make them, for their *hire*,
Bow down their knee unto the '*Squire*;
Who, with diſdain, is known to be
The peſt of worthy company.
Nay, oft with many it is ſaid,
He ne'er goes peaceful to his bed;
His heart in conſtant agitation,
Ne'er with his ſoul makes mitigation,
And ever in the worſt of tetters,
He war declares againſt his betters;
And as his ſoul no virtue harbours,
He hates to ſee it in his neighbours;

He therefore ſtudies all he can
To harraſs all—unto a man.
Regarding neither God or Devil,
He is determin'd to do evil;
For what is good or ill to him
Who ever did delight in ſin?
And human virtue has no grace
To one who wears a brutal face,
Who's thought by ſome (tho' ne'er ſo ill)
To be a moving, talking dunghill:
——— Or rather worſe,
Since dunghills never prove *a curſe*.

Thus having rais'd a *noble* name,
Quite to the pinnacle of *Fame*,
A ſtranger aſks—is he alone?
Or has he any match in town?
Who is replied—moſt ſurely ſo!
If *Mules* with Aſſes ever go.
At this a *Mule* at once upſtarts,
And rolls his eyes like fiery darts,
And by his words appears to be
A match for any HE or SHE ———
Our Aſs, therefore, ſoon fidles by,
And joins the Mule in company,
And preſently the farce begins,
With Aſs and Mule—(you'd ſwear 'em twins)
Acquaintance ſoon with each they made,
Diſcov'ring each the other's trade.

The Aſs's was the *peace to break*,
The Mule's it was *the peace to make* ;
Juſt like a QUACK, who, to your curſe,
Will eaſe your wound, then make it worſe.
They both unto the Law were bred,
Tho' each diſgrace the *lawleſs* trade.
The Aſs, tho' ignorant of right,
Annoys his neighbours like *a ſpright :*
The Mule, much us'd to *ingreſs—egreſs*,
Diſturbs the harmleſs with *his treſpaſs* :
He bullies Juries, libels Judges,
For damping all his Aſs's grudges ;
And like ſome dog, pent cloſe at night,
He barks aloud, but cannot bite ;
And what doth mortify him more,
The wiſe deſpiſe him, and the weak deplore.
Thus Aſs and Mule together foil
To teaze the worthy with their guile,
Each takes his part, and glories in the ſame,
And thinks that *right* is but a name
From whence no pleaſing profit riſes,
And therefore of their wrong make prizes.
Theſe are the works of Aſs and Mule,
Who are but jeſts to ev'ry fool.

MORAL.

MORAL.

Bad men, regardleſs of a moral deed,
No rule of right or principle purſue,
And tho' their wiſhes for a time ſucceed,
They muſt, at laſt, for all thoſe wiſhes rue.
Whereas the virtuous, tho' their pace is ſlow,
Obtain the fame of worldly ſocial love,
Enjoying bleſſings in this ſtage below,
And live in ſacred praiſe with thoſe above.

EPIGRAM, *on the Bankruptcy of* FORDYCE, *the Banker.*

O Gaming! how oft doth thou undo the worthy,
And raiſe th' unhallow'd villain up to grandeur?

HOW great are the miſchiefs that time has beſtow'd
From gaming at billiards and *two dice?*
But none will now wonder at what is allow'd,
That the miſchiefs are dreadful from *Four dice.*

The SUMMER's MORNING.

HENCE, Oh ſleep, hence from my ſlumbering eye,
Let dreams capricious to a diſtance fly,
Nor more infringe the ſweets in dawn of day,
Nor waſte our dear, our choiceſt time away;
Time, which to man for happineſs is giv'n,
And to prepare him for the bliſs of heav'n.
Should he then laviſh ſuch a gift in vain,
In ſlumber, ſloth, and indolence remain?
No,—but at the break of day ariſe,
And contemplate on high the morning ſkies.—

Behold the ſun, the hills their top delight,
And, riſing, drives before its ſteps the night.
It ſends the vapours to a diſtant view,
In miſts of air and meteorizing dew;
It gives the earth a warm and beauteous face,
And makes the herbs to ſmile with verdant grace;
It cheers the world, and paints the azure hue,
To feaſt the eye, and all our thoughts renew.

Much joy occurs to thoſe who will partake
Aurora's gifts, and morning ſleeps forſake;
Indulg'd by ideots from an idle uſe,
Who when awake in nought their mind diffuſe.
Who drown'd in ſleep, ſomniferouſly lay,
And idly waſte the beſt of time away;
E'en while the feather'd ſongſters ſtrain their voice,
And on their thrones ſpontaneouſly rejoice.

Thus Nature greets the ſun's returning rays,
And pays to God the ſacrifice of praiſe.

The Barber's Quarrel *with his* Muſe.

AWAY, thou buſy, ſaucy jade,
Pray let me mind an honeſt trade,
And don't aſſault mine ear:
You've forc'd me from my wife and child,
And all my thoughts with verſe beguil'd——
I wiſh you'd not been near.

What,

What, is it me, reply'd the Muſe,
You thus ill-natur'dly abuſe?

BARBER.

Yes, you I mean alone.
But pray, good Sir, ſays ſhe again,
What have I done to give you pain?—

BARBER.

Enough! ſo get you gone.
Have I not us'd in ink a flood
In ſearch of wealth and better food,
By curſed proſe and rhyme?
And have not all my pains been loſt,
While I have ſuffer'd to my coſt,
By loſs of bread and time?

If I was ſtill to court your aid,
And follow on your gingling trade,
How great then my diſaſter!
My wife and child would ſtarve at laſt,
And I be on the pariſh caſt,
A *broken poetaſter*.

MUSE.

MUSE.

Pray don't be warm, my deareſt ſir,
For from this place I cannot ſtir
'Till I have made you kind.

BARBER.

I will, you good-for-nothing ſlut;
And now you have provok'd me to't,
I'll beat you 'till you're blind.

The Muſe affrighted, ſtept aſide,
And much the Barber did deride,
For, in letters, ſlaving:
And after laughing o'er the wrongs
Committed by the Barber's ſongs,
Left him to his—ſhaving.

LOVE FOR LOVE.

A TALE.

SCYPHON, ſtruck with the increaſing beauties of *Laura*, in whom he conſtantly diſcovered freſh charms, at length attempted to relate, what he too deeply felt, to unfold with volubility or confidence.—In ſhort, a love ſincerely impreſſed for her, and impregnated with all the refinements that paſſion could admit of, induced him ſimply to explain his ſentiments in her favour; which, tho' ſhe diſtantly received, did not anticipate the growth of his reſpect towards her in future After frequent interviews, ſhe felt him ſteal upon her ſympathy, inſomuch, that ſhe could not reſiſt his oblations, but openly, and with endearments peculiar to herſelf, confeſſed what her eyes had long foretold—— "that ſhe dearly loved him."——Thus reciprocally united, they had no pleaſure but with each other—

knew no joys but when together; and every thought in them ſeemed directed towards an unlimited happineſs in both; yet how vain are the efforts of reaſon, when an atom tends to deſtroy it!—Nature is the great commandreſs, and will be obeyed: 'tis true, reaſon is her pilot; but what are pilots 'mid ſtorms and rocks of impending danger? Reaſon may ſtrive againſt formidable powers, and be defeated; which was evidenced in *Scyphon* and *Laura*, who, after ſtraining all the delights that ought to be enjoyed, between pure and affectionate lovers, knew not where to ſtop, or what to do.—— Reaſon forbad what paſſion craved; but the latter was too impetuous for the former. Like contending potentates, unwilling to capitulate on terms of ceſſation, while either had a hope of ſucceſs, they contended the juſtice of their feelings, till an inauſpicious hour brought them to a retirement, where no mortal eye coul ſee, or ſoul could hear. Here huſhed in ſerenity and ſolitude, the night, that curtain to all our works, ſtole inſenſibly upon them; when the faſcinating raptures of *Scyphon*, who for hours had hung upon the balmy lips, and throbbing breaſts of *Laura*, together with that ungovernable ſomething, better felt than expreſſed in the whole frame of the latter, cauſed an immediate deprivation of all their faculties, except that of united Love, which, like the ſun's effulgence, darkens all others. While they endeavoured to ſubdue the

cauſe of their combat, the conſequence was natural! and both became victims to each other. Where then was the blame? Surely it was in the fatality of their ever ſeeing each other. *Laura* may be prejudiced, but what could ſhe do? how reſiſt?—Infamy and diſgrace would ſucceed, if ſhe called out. On his part, reaſon was abſorbed, and ſenſibility obliged a perſeverance. On her's, alas! reſiſtance, but imperfectly aſſiſted by nature, became relaxed and feeble; while virtue, thus deſerted on all ſides, and borne down by force of paſſion, was compelled to yield. It may be ſuppoſed, that their ſtruggles ſhortly ſubſided, and gave way to unrefined nature. Youth, deſire, and conſtitution, called for gratification, while virtue, reaſon and religion, if at hand, muſt have refuſed. Yet what avails ſuch arguing? Shall the pointed ſteel perforate the human heart and not deſtroy it? Shall we from man expect more than man? Let us remember then, that *Scyphon* and *Laura* long had loved; both were young, had frequent intercourſe, and always alone. Let not the unfeeling heart then preſume to cenſure, what nature forced, againſt the mandates of reflection. Let it alſo be remembered, that *Scyphon* and *Laura* were ſoon afterwards married; and, if poſſible, they continue to increaſe their former tender affections, and pay each other with LOVE for LOVE.

SCYPHON.

To SCYPHON.

AH! why publiſh *Love* for *Love?* is there not already too much unhappy beauty doom'd to ſorrow, ſhame, and repentance? I fear that tale, and ſo told, will facilitate the fears, anguiſh, and regret of many tender, ſoft-believing women! All men are Scyphons, (when paſſion urges and governs their purſuit of momentary happineſs with a lovely woman) 'till their ſoothing tale has prevailed and won the credulous fair one to yield to his ardent ſollicitations. Truſt not to that flattering jilt Hope! ſhe will certainly deceive the fond maid who relies upon man's gratitude, to repay her for her peace, her honour ſacrificed to him. Even with the beſt of men, there is a certain ſomething in their natures that ſhrinks from juſtice to the (premature) yielding nymph, who forgetting *herſelf*, gives all to love and him. Should he marry her, and only the ſilent moon and ſtars had been witneſs of his ſtolen tranſports, they would be perpetual monuments of his wife's frailty and embitter his ſilent hours; ſhed a gloom over his mind, which her tender aſſiduities would only aggravate; and ſhe muſt (if ſhe is poſſeſſed of delicate ſenſibility) pine

pine in ſecret, to find her unremitting attention, all her efforts to remove his chagrin vain and fruitleſs, and fall at length a maſſacre to love and an unguarded moment. This is the beſt conſequence which can poſſibly be expected from the indulgence of paſſions not authorized by reaſon and religion. But how ſevere the fate of thoſe, who only meet a Scyphon in the ſoothing, tender prevailing ſollicitations, poſſeſſed of art, eloquence, ardor to ſubdue, but *not* honour to protect; his deſires gratified, flies the injured maid that had bleſſed him, abandons her to the ſcorn of our ſex and pity of his own. What muſt be her feelings on ſuch an occaſion? Words cannot exaggerate her miſery, nor can her ſituation be conceived, but by thoſe who have been like her, by love undone: And many there are in this metropolis, who ſhine the firſt and faireſt in external ſhow of pleaſure, that in their moments of retirement, carry in their hearts the ſad, ſad teſtimony, that it is not in the power of affluence, ſplendour, or diſſipation, to make reparation for their departure from innocence and virtue. Oh what may be ſaid on this ſubject! 'tis inexhauſtible! I ſhall only content myſelf with adding one truth, and adviſe every woman to *reſpect herſelf*; and be aſſured, that when a man, hurried away by his paſſion, takes advantage of *her* love and confidence, and would gratify a momentary impulſe, *loves* her not, whatever he may pretend: It is himſelf, not her, he adores, when he

would ſacrifice the woman he admires, at the ſhrine of his deſires. Will no leſs offering content him than her honour, peace, and fame? Stand upon your guard, my lovely ſiſters; liſten not to the addreſſes of any favoured man, unleſs his ſollicitations are as reſpectful as tender, and honourable as ardent, if you will preſerve your own peace, his love, and your friend's happineſs, and give pleaſure to a ſincere friend to her own ſex.

MARIA.

PART THE SECOND.

SCYPHON and *Laura* having divided every domeſtic ſatisfaction for one whole year, without the interruption of a counter wiſh, began to think, that a ſeries of ſuch enjoyment required a ſomething or other to alter its courſe, leſt in time they might forget the ſweets thereof, and become indifferent, about what the major part of their fellow-creatures purſued without effect----happineſs———therefore, by way of trial of each others temper, they both conſented to argue upon ſome ſubject that required contradiction, 'till, if poſſible, they might fall out with each other, for the ſake of rendering their making matters up again, more delightful. To which

which end, love above every thing was pitched upon as their theme, and the queſtion was, whether *Scyphon* and *Laura* really loved before marriage or not, or whether there was any proof of it in the former, when he bore down the virtue of the latter, as related in part the firſt? —— *Scyphon* contended his marriage was an inſtance of his refined love; while *Laura* inſiſted that honour and gratitude were his only inducements thereto; for, ſays ſhe, no man can with juſtice pronounce a real love for a woman, when once he has robbed her of every thing that was dear to her, her virtue and reputation, who when his paſſion once is cloy'd with, will immediately become obnoxious, his reaſon will then reſume irſelf, and tell him that where the brute has been, nothing can be left worthy the reliſh of a man, though he himſelf may be the cauſe. Every thought of the illicit, and accidental theft, will be a monumental reaſon for his looking upon her as a corrupt being; and he knows not how far to truſt his confidence in her as a religious wife. In the ſhort periods of his forgetting that ſhe fell a martyr to his pretended love, he may poſſibly be at eaſe, but the moment the recollection ruſhes upon him, it will ravage his ſpirits like a fever; no longer will he then deem her his virtuous wife, but rather his debauched one, and *ſhe* will ſuffer for what

he

he alone plung'd her into, and which her poor, deluded, fond, believing ſoul could not reſiſt; ſo that her error in granting involuntarily, what he in the heat of blood and impure deſire urged would make him happy, is like ſigning a death warrant againſt all her ſucceeding peace of mind, which, under the idea of his honour in making her afterwards his wife, ſhe fooliſhly expected.

Here *Scyphon* was almoſt run down with words, and appeared for a while as if convicted of the truth of *Laura's* argument, till a tender ſmile which he caught from her yet moſt pleaſing countenance, relieved his languor, and he ſpoke as follows: If *Laura* was one of thoſe who ſpeak on ſubjects without knowing their natural conſequence, and void of feeling the impreſſions which a mixture of deſire and reſpect would enforce, in conſequence of love, *Scyphon* would join with her in all ſhe advanced; but being perſuaded that refined paſſion may poſſibly in his circumſtances grow too turbulent to be aſſwaged, he begged her pardon for differing in opinion; alledging that the man muſt be a brute indeed, who ſo far *loved himſelf* as to do any thing to make *her deſpicable*. Man is not always poſſeſſed of reaſon nor honour either; and when the one acts on involuntary principles, without premeditated deſigns on the other, to deſtroy that which is certainly her only ornament, an allowance is to be made to both

both, who, if they ſearch for blame in any thing, will find it in their original love, the no uncommon forerunner of unfortunate connexions: And on this head *Scyphon* was particular. He allowed that few caſes admitted his reaſoning; ſaying, that thoſe few were doubtleſs to be accounted for, without the general parade of words made uſe of by women when they have any private purpoſe to anſwer; and that it was impoſſible for a man to love himſelf, and not love the author of his paſſion, without whom all love would ceaſe, and, independent of gratitude, he would never think of marrying the woman he ſuppoſed he muſt hate; therefore if he ſhould, it muſt infallibly indicate, that pre-connexions ſympathetically indulged without premeditation, had ſo far endeared her to him, that he could not do leſs, out of a natural affection and reſpect to *her*, and a cordial ſatisfaction to *himſelf*; ſuch as can only be deſcribed or known by them who ſincerely feel the truths they recite. *Scyphon* now growing warm, and having led *Laura* to ſuppoſe he might preſently be really provoked to anger, ſhe interfered, by declaring herſelf convinced of his ſincerity; and begged, that as their diſpute had already taken up too much time, he would retire with her on a ſubject of a ſofter nature: accordingly *Scyphon* ſmiled, and they both withdrew with as much apparent pleaſure and content, and perhaps more than is uſually found among the many married pairs who never loved like them.

SCYPHON.

To SCYPHON.

THAT *Scyphon* may be poſſeſſed of all the refinements of honour is poſſible; and happy for *Laura* if it be ſo: But ſelf-love only prevailed, when he aſſailed and ſubdued the virtue of the too-believing *Laura*. Her confidence, her faith, and love, ought to have armed him even againſt himſelf, if he had truly loved her, and raiſed a protector inſtead of a betrayer of her honour; had her tenderneſs and ſenſibility been leſs alive, he would have been repulſed; and he would have revered the chaſtity which was invulnerable to his attacks. Human nature however will prevail! I pity my fair credulous countrywomen, but abſolutely condemn the men, who with prevailing ardour purſue and win us to their purpoſes, and then deſpiſe us for having bleſt them at the expence of ourſelves. As I obſerved before, there are few men of honour who are carried away by the impetuoſity of their deſires beyond the bounds which honour, in cooler moments, would preſcribe, and who from principle make the only reparation left, by marrying the amiable woman whoſe virtue yielded

in ſome unguarded moment, when opportunity offered. —— But let the fair one, thus circumſtanced, be ſo guarded in her conduct, that even the eye of ſuſpicion may never glance upon her; for ſhould the moſt innocent liberty, and with the moſt intimate friend of her huſband, awake his attention to her behaviour, happineſs will inſtantly quit their dwelling; and the harpies, Diſcord, Diſcontent, Petulance and Jealouſy ſupply its place; for, partial as the men are to themſelves in *thoſe* caſes, they all think illiberally of the yielded fair: that ſhe who has *once* been ſurpriſed, may again have her virtue nodding. This is the real ſentiment of almoſt every man, however liberally he may think and act upon every other occaſion; therefore guard well your ſenſibility, my charming countrywomen:——you who have moſt external attractions, and good hearts, for it is you who are moſt in danger.

The beſt minds, and poſſeſſed of moſt virtues, are the moſt ſuſceptible of tender impreſſions, and ſooneſt ſubdued; chaſtity in you is *moſt* amiable, but worſt fortified. You are in front of view, like fine citadels, that promiſe great glory to the General who makes you ſurrender; when attacked by an experienced officer, if the fortreſs is impregnable, he gathers never-fading laurels, by the ſurrender upon honourable terms. The

conquered

conquered then reflects honour upon the conqueror, by a noble defence, and the vanquiſhed by thoſe terms is the triumphant: but how ſad the reverſe! To throw the gates open upon the approach of the enemy, does the victor no honour: he reaps no glory, there being a weak or no defence; and the vanquiſhed ſinks into contempt with the conqueror and the world.

Therefore, my fair countrywomen, remember, that a woman may repent of *condeſcenſion*, but *never* can have a *regret* for thinking properly of herſelf, and *rigidly* perſevering in the paths of virtue.

MARIA.

To MARIA.

The glory's more to guard—than win the prize:
There all the toil and threatning danger lies.

AS an advocate for virtue and honour, I ſincerely admire your thoughts, thro' the channel of this paper, towards the promotion of both; and I doubt not, as I have already convinced you, I know ſomething of love; but I ſhall alſo aſſure you, I am not deſtitute of the knowledge how, and in what manner they may exiſt, after the giving up our perſons, whether they be in conſequence of that temporal inſtitution marriage, or otherwiſe. You are not to conclude, becauſe I have in ſome meaſure accounted for the accidental reſult of a paſſion founded on innocence, by giving the ballance to ſudden deſire and conſtitution, in preference to the dull unanimating dictates of reflection; that, therefore, my argument is general; for it is obvious, that what I have wrote under the preſent title, neither contends for the propriety of a ſenſual appetite, nor the free indulgence of it on indiſcriminate objects.

I have

I have rather deſcribed in a ſingular inſtance, that a primary affection in youth may poſſibly, in deſpite of reaſon or religion, overbear an imaginary degree of honour, and plunge both parties into action without the ſanction of either; that this poſſibility might be the more clear, I concluded my firſt account with the marriage of *the Culprit Lovers* as a proof that *Scyphon*'s paſſion was not groſs enough to be diſguſted with the very woman who had adminiſtered to his pleaſure; in my ſecond, I gave liberty to a few impriſoned thoughts, whereby you might obſerve, that *the married offenders* were yet happy, and likely to remain ſo: to both of which you favoured me with ſentiments that do you honour; but which, tho' every generous mind muſt approve, are undoubtedly wrote with too much rigour and want of feeling, to be applied in the preſent caſe;—a caſe more deſerving our admiration than pity.

Alas! how bold—how free we point the ſteel,
To ſtop the courſe of what we do not feel.

As marriage is undoubtedly a legal policy, the prejudice of its neceſſity as a moral duty once removed, would lead us in time to a proof, that natural affections create a more ſolid hold in the hearts of both ſexes, than from the prevailing mode of their engaging in mutual

mutual obligations at an eccleſiaſtical altar, where more offerings are made from intereſted motives, than ſympathetic love.

The reaſon of this ſeems plain.—Marriage, in general, inſtead of a promoter, is an enemy to love.—Each party being equally bound, conſider not a reciprocal pleaſure with that attention they would neceſſarily ſtudy, provided their attachment had no other ſupport than a mere regard to the will of either.—With the married, nothing but death, precontract, and a phyſical cauſe, can deſtroy the bondage, however hateful it may be made by man or woman. With the ſingle, the bondage of affection may be broke by negligence and inattention; and tho' miſery may ſucceed to both, the latter will, from neceſſity, propel means of reparation before the former.

We hate with as much ardour as we love; which if not aided by eſteem, indifference, like a vernal bud, will force it from the root, and leave it to decay and periſh.——We are not without inſtances, that domeſtic happineſs has reigned between the ſexes more ſincerely from the ties of nature, than thoſe of matrimony, which is rather the groundwork of future deſperation, than laſting happineſs. Love is often baniſhed the

married

married ſtate by too great a familiarity, and laying aſide the common rules of decency; there is alſo a ſomething or other ſo hurtful in the carriage of ſome wives, that they loſe their huſband's regard for faults which their delicacy forbids a recital of, while perhaps a miſtreſs will keep up her lover's admiration by an unremitted ſtudy to pleaſe and make him happy.

In wedded love there ſhould be a joint attempt on both ſides to pleaſe during life; otherwiſe, inſtead of the parties rendering themſelves continually new and agreeable, they will prove baſiliſks in each other's eye, and wretchedneſs will directly enſue: inſtances whereof are daily heard of among the band of *Hymen*; whereas in connexions formed from free, inherent love, happineſs is more immediately at ſtake, and policy regards the union in a ſtate of free love, while the recollection of bondage often diſturbs and harraſſes the human ſoul.

To be married now-a-days, is to do *honour* to the woman we profeſs to love: but, alas! her chaſtity thus *honourably* given up to her huſband, too often paves the way to indulge ſome private lover; and Dear, exceſſive DEAR, do many a fond huſband pay for what he never enjoys,

enjoys, the fidelity, the conſtancy, of a wife's attachment. Hence men of ſenſe and reflection, rather prefer a female connection on the terms of nature's law, thn thoſe of marriage: but this is a doctrine only urged for the ſake of argument, and not from any wiſh in me, that we ſhould rely on ourſelves without the influence of the law; which if once removed, our diſpoſitions would grow too capricious to render any ſtate ſufferable. Anarchy would reign in reſpect to property and identity; and the laſt would become more uncertain without the force of ſuch law, than at preſent with it; for tho' a huſband may be diſſatisfied with the *chaſtity* of his wife, this very law will confirm the identity of her children to him, however his belief may operate to the contrary: ſuch is the conſequence of mens acting on the principles of *honour*.

No one has a higher opinion of virtue than I have; and *Maria* miſtakes me much, if, when writing the hiſtory of *Scyphon* and *Laura*'s love, ſhe thought I had not a ſoul as ſenſible of honour as her own. Her thoughts flow from the *error*, that *Scyphon* acted on premeditated views:—mine from *truth*, that it was from accident. *Scyphon* manifeſted his love by marrying *Laura* after the fact, and juſtifies my theſis,——

that youth and conſtitution could, in their predicament, no more reſiſt each other, than the pointed ſteel can perforate the heart, and not deſtroy it.

On the whole, thoſe who love platonically at firſt, have a ſuperior chance for happineſs in marriage; for in loving the mind, that of the perſon may follow; but a love of the laſt ſeldom precedes the firſt, which being unaſſiſted by refinement, ſavours of the brute, not the man; and for a proof of theſe truths, I have made *Scyphon* to adore the mind of *Laura*, and laſtly to marry her perſon freely.

The ſole reaſon why poſſeſſion cloys is, becauſe men in general love romantically, and after making Goddeſſes of the women they purſue, diſcover that all they were worſhipping was mortal, and ſubject to the imperfection of themſelves; a ſufficient reaſon why they then loath the being that has wrongfully gratified their inclinations; this obſervation is not confined to the circumſtances of either married or ſingle, becauſe both may act on miſtaken principles, and from want of a proper judgment, may render either ſtate wretched. But *Scyphon* and *Laura* acted otherwiſe.—Their loves commenced early—they frequently conferred—were chiefly alone—fell at length martyrs to each other——were afterwards married, and now enjoy, independent

of illiberal invective, a happineſs which promiſes a continuance, not to be found among the rigid married crew, who frequently, in public, exerciſe a ſeverity of words over the conduct of a ſeduced ſiſter, which in private they prudently copy, under the happy ſanction of that God, or Devil—MARRIAGE.

SCYPHON.

To SCYPHON.

MARIA, animated in her ſex's cauſe, wrote with a warmth (upon the ſubject that *firſt* inſpired her with courage to uſe her pen for public peruſal) which has drawn upon her a reflection from *Scyphon* of want of "*feeling*." Indeed ſhe has a heart tremblingly alive to the calamities of her fellow-creatures, from whatever ſource they derive their ſorrows. Thoſe that flow from a fond

a fond indulgence of "*Nature's*" paſſions, in the fatal unguarded moment "*when* LOVE *alone's awake*," and at the expence of every valuable conſideration, more particularly claim her pity and candour in their favour—over *them* ſhe would draw the veil of compaſſion, to hide the fault which too much ſenſibility occaſioned; as the private reproaches of a wounded mind is alone ſufficient puniſhment for their error; 'tis *thoſe ſelf* reproaches; 'tis thoſe *ſilent diſapproving* moments, that ſhe would place to public view; ſtrip from *chaſtity loſt* her ſplendid trappings, and make her known for what ſhe *is*. Though 'tis vain, 'tis *preſumptuous* in *me* to hope, that any feeble effort of *my* pen can in any degree produce ſo deſirable an event!———Yes, 'tis confeſſed that *Scyphon* "*knows ſomething of Love*," and acknowledged too, that he is well read in the book of Nature, therefore muſt know,———ſuch is the frailty of human kind!——that one inſtance, ſuch as he deſcribed, in the caſe of Scyphon and Laura, have more influence over young empaſſioned minds, and aid the ardent lover's ſuit more, than a thouſand precepts from the moſt able divines will in making proſelytes on the ſide of virtue. As *examples*, upon *all* occaſions, are more prevalent than *precept*, that of Scyphon and Laura will be quoted by every aſſailant of female virtue:——For, *whatever* man's intentions

are, he at firſt puts on the ſemblance of honor, (for who can expect to catch fiſh with an unbaited hook?) in the deliberating moment, the pauſe between Virtue and Love, he will urge the *example* of Scyphon, and plead *his* honor, faith, and unchangeable tenderneſs: That decides in his favor, and ſhe is loſt! Should he, like Scyphon, make the ſame reparation, who can enſure *their* felicity? May not all thoſe horrors mentioned by Maria in a former paper, be *expected?* They ought to be feared; for though there may be ONE, there are not MANY exceptions to the *general* rule; the mind of either ſex, while under the dominion of paſſion, is not in a ſtate to judge what is neceſſary to its happineſs.

Notwithſtanding the juſt and ſenſible things wrote by Scyphon upon *modern* marriage, there is little proſpect of happineſs in the *temporary* connections formed upon (what *he* calls) "NATURAL TIES;"—— thoſe are *never* made under the cool medium of reaſon. 'Tis the external in that caſe which forges and binds the chain; if the woman is poſſeſſed of good ſenſe, has a variety in her diſpoſition, with an unwearied attention to pleaſe, while *youth* remains, ſomething *like* happineſs may reſide with them! But ſhould there be children, ſhe will pine in ſecret that *they* muſt be bred

as

as aliens to their father, for *her* preferring the laws of "*Nature*," to what "cuſtom, policy," and the laws of her country have conſtituted a VIRTUE: and be for ever excluded from his name and fortune. A tender, doating mother, and ſo circumſtanced, can only paint the miſery of *ſuch* a ſituation. But with a woman who has only beauty to excite deſire, without merit to win the ſoul, ſhe is ſuddenly precipitated from a *precipice*—where, in the *fall*, ſhe loſes *more* than life, and meets a living death; excluded from ſober ſociety, loſt to *herſelf*, friends, and the world! Many, many ſad living monuments of what *once* they were, are to be ſeen—melancholy truth! in almoſt every ſtreet, ſoliciting the men, and, dreadful to a feeling female ſoul, earn a ſcanty miſerable ſubſiſtence by promiſcuous proſtitution!—Could *any* woman merit ſuch fate?—No, impoſſible! And yet ſhe purchaſes it with too eaſy faith in the "permanency of Nature's bonds," which has plunged many valuable women into this horrid ruin.

Although modern marriages are fallen into contempt from the many ill-ſuited pairs, whom intereſt and convenience have united, without a ſingle requiſite to make the union anſwer the end for which it was inſtituted.

—Yet

———Yet from marriage only can there exiſt true happineſs between the ſexes, unimbittered by painful reflection: But not thoſe kind of marriages pointed out by Scyphon, of thoſe there are too many confirmations of the juſtneſs of his obſervation; I allude only to ſuch which are formed from a ſimilarity of diſpoſition, a congeniality of ſoul, and where friendſhip has an equal ſhare with Love, which muſt be the mens buſineſs to prove.

Let them be more ſolicitous about the mental qualifications, than the perſonal attractions of the choſen fair: Let them ſeek the ſenſible *Companion*, rather than the pretty *Triſler*. When the men are diſpoſed for happineſs, and are willing to carry *their quota* of attention to the general ſtock, there will be no fear of "paving the way to indulge a private Lover." Let the Huſband not intirely loſe the Lover; at leaſt, let him ſink into the tender Friend, and every fear of a rival will vaniſh. But it is the fault of almoſt every man to "love romantically, and deify the favourite fair," until, as Scyphon obſerves, the time arrives which convinces him, that ſhe is "no Goddeſs." He then forgets the reſpect due to her as a Woman; and falls from the moſt paſſionate, into the moſt mortifying coldneſs

coldneſs and inſenſibility. Would the men only deſcend from their raptures by degrees, and gently ſink from the enraptured lover into the warm, affectionate friend, there would be fewer inſtances of unhappy huſbands, and erring wives. The quick tranſition from the crouching, ſuppliant adorer, to the cold or haughty lordly huſband, few women have fortitude to endure. Unconſcious of meriting the change, they are apt to make low compariſons, and weigh the paſt with the preſent.—If amiable in outward appearance, are perpetually ſurrounded with a ſwarm of flatterers who watch for domeſtic animoſities, and ply the mortified fair with tender aſſiduity and bewitching attentions; which the negligence of the huſband gives but too many opportunities for. Diſcord opens the breach between them; of which the artful ſeducer takes a bold advantage, and diſunites them for ever. Though the men are firſt in fault, yet I do not exculpate all my own ſex from blame, in caſes of this kind; I am ſorry to be obliged to acquieſce with Scyphon, that the conduct of ſome wives loſe the regard of the huſband.—They too ſoon throw off the decent reſerve of the Maid, almoſt in the commencement of the Bride; and are not all of them ſo ſtudious to preſerve, as they had been induſtrious to inſpire, paſſion. All the arts to pleaſe in the ſingle ſtate, ſhould be redoubled in the married; for, as far as the woman is concerned, poſ-

ſeſſion

ſeſſion places all women upon a level; therefore intrinſic merit muſt create the ſuperiority in the wife. She ſhould pay a particular attention to cleanlineſs in dreſs and perſon, and always be as neat, though not ſo fine, as a bride; a circumſtance too often neglected, and in very amiable and valuable women; or only attended to when viſiting or viſited—which wears a diſreſpectful appearance to the huſband; ——felt the more, becauſe 'tis held too trifling for him to take notice of to her. Inſignificant as this little minutiæ may appear, 'tis of vaſt importance. Let the wives obſerve with what care, with what neat and elegant ſimplicity, the miſtreſs dreſſes for her gallant. Is it leſs important to the wife to appear pleaſing in the huſband's eye, with whom ſhe is indiſſolubly bound, than ſhe who has but *her hour* to pleaſe? Let the wife be attentive to every minute circumſtance which may preſerve Affection, and keep alive Deſire, and make *Duty* LOVE, not *Love* a DUTY. Be conſtantly polite and obliging, and carefully avoid public familiarities. Though chearful and good-humoured, to "differ" in opinion is ſometimes neceſſary to enliven converſation, and prevent its growing languid; but though the argument ſhould be ſuſtained with ſpirit, yet beware of letting it be tainted with petulance and aſperity. If ſuch be the carriage of the wives, Oh men! of what have you to complain?

That

That ſuch may be their conduct, is the wiſh of her ſex's friend,

MARIA.

To MARIA.

TO offer my thoughts on this ſubject to a Lady who guides her pen with ideas which nothing but the cooleſt reflexion can ſuggeſt, or to deliver them in the ſtile of a ſomniferous ſermon, would be an error in me equal to that of dedicating a treatiſe on Tactics to a Biſhop, and utterly againſt the principles on which I at firſt came forward.

I did not intend to juſtify free love without exception, nor ſtand forth a champion for loſt innocence, or injured fame; and if I have in a ſingle inſtance diſcovered either, which I believe is not the caſe, it has

treſpaſſed on a mind moſt humbly fraught with wiſhes to invite the Ladies to virtue by example, and to raiſe in their *tender* diſpoſitions, a juſt ſenſe of honour by precept.

My buſineſs has been to account for, not prevent, the conſequence of a mutual love; and it matters not what language may be urged on the impropriety of the accident premiſed, becauſe *Maria* and myſelf, labouring under the ſame circumſtances with *Scyphon* and *Laura*, know not how far we might be able to call Reaſon or Religion to aſſiſt us, at a period when our mind, inſtead of ſtudying either, might, perhaps, ſend both to a diſtance beyond the reach of thought.

Maria argues on the former, I the latter; and tho' my ſentiments may not be ſo religiouſly ornamental to my purpoſe as Maria's, this I muſt avow, they proceed from very *acute* feelings; whereas Maria's flows from very *chronic* ones: And I am confident, (however good her intention) all ſhe can write on this head will avail no more with the multitude now than heretofore.

Few words are neceſſary to promote virtue and honour. The mind (unleſs depraved by habit or education)

tion) is the throne of both, which, if not wrought upon by a precognition of the ſhameful conſequence attendant on vice and diſſipation, and a proper regard to rewards and puniſhments, nothing on earth will preſerve it from the pangs of the devil, whoſe influence will bring it, (unleſs redeemed by repentance) with the body, to the brink of the grave, that ſtill receptacle and cloſe extinguiſher of pain.

We are told by experience, that virtue, like natural beauty, always bluſhes at being expoſed; while vice, like a mean face, paints on purpoſe to be ſeen: and it is equally as true, when the bluſh of the former is once blown off, too ſoon will it carry a ſemblance of the latter; and, inſtead of the ſoft emotions which innate modeſty will afford in the hearts of its admirers, nothing but abhorrence will be raiſed therein; and beauty thus corrupted, muſt exiſt to be deſpiſed.

I will now call Maria's argument and my own to an immediate point:—Maria admits the frailty of the ſexes, and allows that one exception may be made in favour of my ſtory; but fearing the recital might encourage the paſſion of her own ſex beyond the power of virtue, which, untouched by the ſeverity of their feelings, would otherwiſe reign with effulgence, ſhe

was induced to guard them againſt the eloquence of men *to betray*, rather than protect. To me, all her advice and language is rendered more pleaſing, becauſe they fall in with every thought of mine, and our only difference ariſes from this miſtake. I have endeavoured to prove, that a man may love with honour after poſſeſſion, be it obtained by a legal marriage, or a natural one; though the poſſibility ſeldom happens, it cannot alter the truths I urge, to ſay it happens but rarely; and I ſtill declare, that Scyphon muſt have been below the brute, to deſpiſe the very woman that fell a ſacrifice to his ungovernable deſires. I have not touch'd my ſubject generally, but particularly, and there it is Maria has miſtook me. Her ideas are mine; and, difficult as I may be, if the woman which Fate may decree me to wed, does but regard her *honour* and my *pleaſure* through life, with the ſame ardour in reality, which Maria has wrote, marriage, I am certain, will make us happy in the poſſeſſion of each other.

And ſhould the gods but grant me this my wiſh,
Who will not envy my terreſtrial bliſs?
Which, once poſſeſs'd, my life will be a ſpan,
And I remain the only happy man.

SCYPHON.

To MARIA.

ALL things coming out of the hands of the great Author of Nature, are good and right. Man, fooliſh man, and tyrant cuſtom, diſtort, pervert, and turn all things from their deſtined ends; and bring into the world a thouſand fantaſtic miſeries, and imaginary woes, more poignant, certainly, than all the real ones we are expoſed to. *Increaſe and multiply*, was the firſt great command; and heaven never intended to defeat its own important purpoſes, by making *Chaſtity* the teſt of *Virtue*. Diſcernment and Reaſon were given to man to *moderate*—but not *extinguiſh* his paſſions; to *enjoy* the gifts of heaven—but not *deſtroy* them. The Moral and the Good-natured Maria would fain ſee the world reformed. It is impoſſible! We muſt be content to ſee it ſuch as it is; and to make ourſelves the eaſier about it, we muſt ſometimes throw off the *moraliſt* to aſſume the *philoſopher*.

If ſenſibility was as lively in every woman as that of moſt of her ſex, they would not now, perhaps, wiſh to

"*ſtrip*

"*ſtrip from chaſtity loſt her ſplendid trappings, and make her known for what ſhe is*;" but would, with ſympathizing tears, lament the cruelty and injuſtice of mankind; who, blinded by prejudice, and infatuated with falſe notions, place the *honour* of *her* ſex in as falſe a light as they do their own, when they make the ſword its only guardian; Maria may be conſcious that *that* name brought pollution to her mind, or tarniſhed the luſtre of her virtues! but, did ſhe violate the laws of nature, or fruſtrate the deſigns of providence, when ſhe renounced virginity? If not, does ſhe imagine that the omiſſion of a mere formality of human invention, would have taken from the purity of the deed, and ſtamped with guilt the ſurrender of her charms? O no! ſhe knows too well, that an action becomes criminal but as it involves ourſelves, or others, in miſery, or danger; therefore the woman, who, by marriage, expoſes herſelf to have a numerous offspring, for whom there is no proviſion made, is infinitely more culpable than her, who, independent in fortune, yields to the impulſe of nature, and the ſolicitations of an ardent lover: the latter can reſume her conſequence, and do juſtice to herſelf, if *he* proves ungrateful, or *ſhe* finds it expedient to gratify no longer his paſſion, or her own. But the former in vain proteſts, in vain remonſtrates, when power abuſed has broke the bonds of friendſhip,

friendſhip, and the ties of affection; the '*legal harlot*' is dragged to the embraces of the lordly brute, to perpetuate her miſeries, in violation of the tendereſt feelings of her ſex, and the ſacred rights of nature and humanity.

But it is confeſſed that the hymeneal torch too often blaſts that tender flower of female coyneſs, which is the ſtrongeſt incentive to deſire; and that married women "too ſoon throw off the decent reſerve of the Maid, almoſt in the commencement of the Bride,—yet from marriage only, can there exiſt true happineſs between the ſexes." I ſhall not *now* undertake to prove how much the inſtitution of indiſſoluble ties, and indiſpenſable duties in the marriage ſtate, is repugnant to nature and to reaſon; and, at leaſt, with people of nice feelings, deſtructive of the very end it was meant to promote. I ſhall, for the preſent, only offer a few words in juſtification of the ill-fated fair one who is ſo unfortunate as to incur the cenſure of the world, becauſe ſhe has not reſolution enough to ſacrifice a *real*, though, perhaps, temporary happineſs, to the certain, and, perhaps, laſting miſeries, the pride or prejudices of her *friends* would kindly provide for her. If ſhe does not rebel againſt the laws of Nature, and venerate *chaſtity* as a Deity, it is becauſe ſhe ſees it daily trampled upon, and legally foreſworn at the foot of Hymen's altar: It

is becauſe, from the conſideration of her ſex, and the decrees of Providence, ſhe knows that *Love* is to be the chief buſineſs of her life; and, when joined to Virtue, the ſource of all her joys;—the fatal experience of millions has taught her that

Love, free as air, at ſight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.

POPE.

It is becauſe ſhe has ſenſe and reſolution enough to prefer to "ſober ſociety, *falſe* friends, and a *perfidious* world," the tender regard, the winning aſſiduities of the man whoſe virtues captivate her heart—whoſe love ſubdues her pride; and, by raiſing a mutual flame, becomes the only object of her wiſhes—the end of her deſires. The conſcious purity of her ſoul revolts at the thoughts of being made ſubſervient to luſtful appetence, and ſated paſſion; Love only—prevailing, tender, all-ſubduing Love, can bend her pride, and raiſe the genial fire, that bluſhing,

——*Calls for darkneſs to conceal*
Our rapturous relation to the ſtalls.

YOUNG.

The

The ſpotleſs innocence of her life repels the pointleſs ſhafts of ſlander. But ſhe is not married!—true; no impious vow has paſſed her faithful lips, to bind her to the performance of duties which her generous heart diſclaims. The *freedom of her will* gives luſtre to her choice, and adorns her virtues with never-fading ſplendor;—the freedom of her will, while it exalts her virtues, leaves it in her power to diſplay all the winning delicacy of female charms—all the bewitching artifices of inſtinctive love, to keep deſire awake, unpalled, and give to pleaſure its moſt poignant reliſh. The reſiſtleſs attractions of *a feigned reſerve*, *a well-timed reſiſtance*, *a playful indifference*, and a *coy ſubmiſſion*, give enjoyment all the pleaſures of *variety*, and makes the happy Lover think his bliſs too cheaply bought, by the exertion of all his powers to pleaſe, and his abilities to deſerve the tender attachment of the amiable creature, whoſe every look, whoſe every word inſpires him with

That noble wiſh, that never cloy'd deſire,
Which ſelfiſh love diſdaining, ſeeks alone
To bleſs the deareſt object of his love.

THOMSON.

I ſhall in my next illuſtrate this character, by relating the hiſtory of two diſtinguiſhed lovers, under the name

of FLORIMOND and AMANDA, which I ſhall avail myſelf of, to convince my Reader, that "natural ties *may* be formed *under the cool medium of reaſon*," and Love indulged without injury to Virtue, or violating the laws of Nature and of Liberty.

LOTHARIO.

To MARIA.

WHILE I profeſs a ſincere admiration of the generous purpoſe, in undertaking to direct the ſteps of my fair countrywomen in the ſacred paths of virtue, and point out the road to happineſs; I cannot help, at the ſame time, endeavouring to ſoften the ſeverity of female reflections, and apply the balm of beneficence to thoſe wounds which a too rigid cenſure muſt inflict.

Well is compared a deſerted woman to the *ſtricken deer*. Ah ſuffer me to take the unhappy victim under my protection. It is her lovelineſs that makes her conſpicuous,

ſpicuous, and attracts the hunter's eye; beſet with toils, encompaſſed round with ſnares, ſhe's ſtruck, ſhe falls!——What had ſhe done to urge her cruel fate? Whom ſhall ſhe look to for deliverance! Abandoned by the coward herd, where ſhall ſhe fly for refuge?—— Shall we oppoſe the ſuccouring hand of compaſſionating kindneſs, that offers to replace her in the flowery meads of virtue's bright domains, ſecure her future peace; and, by reinſtating her in her own eſteem, make *ſelf-approbation* once more *ſtrike the ſtring of joy.*

Far from endeavouring to pervert the female mind, I ſeek only to eſtabliſh its felicity upon the firmeſt baſis; by raiſing it above the viciſſitudes of life, and engaging it to ſeek in the conſciouſneſs of its own worth, that bliſs which all the world beſides cannot beſtow.—The woman who is poſſeſſed of this ineſtimable jewel will eaſily diſpenſe with the converſation of her own ſex, nor want, in her declining years, the cordial comforts of a virtuous friend.

Would we render an eſſential ſervice to her ſex, let us, at the ſame time we warn them of the danger, point out an effectual method to avoid it; teach them to repel the piercing darts of *love-inſpiring charms*; reſiſt

the power of *love-ſeducing arts*; the potent magic of the *flattering tongue*; the ſubtle melting energy of *ſighs*; and all the ſorcery of *looks and ſmiles*. As well ſhe might attempt to quench the genial fire, and ſtop the progreſs of mankind; reform the works of an unerring God; give ſecond birth to nature, and unite the poles.

It has been lamented, "how many ſad living monuments of what they once were, are to be ſeen in almoſt every ſtreet—Could any woman merit ſuch fate? No, impoſſible!" Why then is that woman, for the commiſſion of a ſuppoſed fault, loaded with infamy, reviled, inſulted and deſpiſed? why, but to glut the pride of thoſe pretenders to virtue, who, to throw a falſe gloſs upon their own actions, endeavour to darken thoſe of other people. 'Tis this unmerited treatment that fills our ſtreets with proſtitutes; and to the eternal reproach of Chriſtianity, for an imaginary crime, plunges the unhappy offender into the extremes of thoſe vices which a more humane treatment would have made them abhor to have the leaſt acquaintance with.—*Go*, ſaid the Judge Supreme, to the adultreſs, *neither do I condemn thee*; *go, and ſin no more*.—What ſhall *we* ſay then to the harmleſs, fond, believing, lovely wanton, who,

to

to obey the call of nature, has broken no vow, has wronged no one on earth? Shall we, in deriſion of this bright example, inſult the God of Mercy, and arraign his juſtice, by giving her up a prey to ſhame, diſeaſe and death? Forbid it nature! forbid it reaſon! ——And ſhall the ſhameleſs creature, who, from mercenary or ambitious views, receive to her embraces the wretch ſhe muſt deſpiſe, ſhall ſhe glory in her guilt? ſhall the ſtate ſhe lives in be deemed honourable, whilſt abhorrent nature groans under the foul oppreſſion, and violated modeſty, indignant, calls on infamy to vindicate her wrongs? No! charming AMANDA, the painful conflict between love and ſhame, that tore thy tender breaſt, and the ſucceeding ſtruggles between modeſty and deſire, till nature over-powered, breathleſs and faint, reſigned thee to thy faithful lover's arms; the crimſon bluſh that ſtill adorns thy cheek, and ſtill improves thy bliſs, ſhall ſave thee from reproach, and conſecrate thy flame; while to-morrow's bride, in vain, ſhall call on marriage rites to ſanctify her joys. Rank luſt has bought them at the expence of gold:— Deceitful ioys! that vaniſh in the graſp, and leave wide room for ſorrow and remorſe!

LOTHARIO.

To LOTHARIO.

Principiis obſta.

WHEN mere accident led me to a few thoughts on the ſubject of Love, with an involuntary gratification between Scyphon and Laura, I confeſs I did not expect a rigid ſentimental anſwer, under the feminine ſignature of Maria, with whom I have ſince contended to my no little ſatisfaction; becauſe, while I profeſs myſelf an admirer of virtue, her doctrine has become the more pleaſing, and has convinced me, that experience (the teſt of every thing) is the only ſchool wherein we can form proper ideas or principles. But as little as I expected to be led into ſuch argument with Maria, I leſs imagined that a man would, after what he has read between us, endeavour to vitiate the purity of her language, or build imperfectly on the baſis of mine.

If

If you have really read the whole of my letters, you muſt know they have only accounted for an accident, which indiſcriminately cannot be juſtified; and though I have introduced ſome free ſentiments therein, they were only in extenuation of Scyphon and Laura's conduct, under their peculiar circumſtances, and not intended to open a roſtrum for libertines to preach in, or to encourage an attack on Maria by Lothario, in a ſtile becoming the man who may profeſs ſubtlety to ſubdue, but not honour to protect.

I ſhould avoid this addreſs, had I not diſcovered, in the courſe of your letter, a deſire to advance an argument againſt the only ornament of the ſex, Virtue, and the only generous practice, Marriage;—but while you quote Pope's Eloïſa, and tell us you'll convince us, that "natural ties may be formed under the cool medium of reaſon, and love indulged without injury to virtue," I cannot help aſſuring you, I ſhall oppoſe the theſis we are to expect from you, and blunt the ſpicula of its poiſon.

If Maria has made herſelf at all pleaſing to you, addreſs her on ſome other ſubject, or in ſome better way;

if

if not, do not inſult her feelings, but withdraw for ſome other purpoſe, and convince both her and me that you are a man of honour, and have principles fit for a mind that can bear reflection with delight, when appetite decays, and when you wiſh to be happy in the interſtice between old age and death.

Though many of Lothario's lines are paſſable, yet when he obſerves that the loſs of virtue is only an imaginary crime, and that to-morrow's bride may call in vain on marriage rites to ſanctify her joys, he undoubtedly has obtruded on a refined underſtanding; and as ſuch, deſerves the compliments due to a ſeducer, rather than a protector of woman's honour.

There is ſo much of the libertine in his expreſſions, as here quoted, that were all his others pure as æther on a ſummer's eve, they would throw a gloom on rational ideas, and cloud our minds againſt his purpoſe.

I very reluctantly agree with him, that many living monuments of ſhame are nightly to be met with in our ſtreets, the reſult, no doubt, of loſt innocence, and the perfidy of man; but I never can believe that there is a probability of happineſs, when once the tint of modeſty has left the ſighing, yielding fair one, in all the rags of

of tattered chaſtity, though at the involuntary inſtance of a Florimond; for what is there for him, or any one to admire, after the removal of that, which, if withheld, would have made his purſuit ſtill more pleaſing, and, of courſe, ſtill more profitable? Honour may lead a man to be grateful, but never, in theſe affairs, to be content; nor is it poſſible for him to love that woman, who, in yielding her perſon to his deſires, convinces him immediately, that he has taſted unlawfully of her charms, which ought to have been reſerved till a more pure and heart-felt affection had tied the Gordian knot, and gave a ſanction to each other's will.

Æmilius may harangue, if he pleaſes; but there may be a time when he will feel this truth, That if a man has only love enough to rob a woman of her innocence, without reſolving to make her for life his own, ſuch Love is but another term for Luſt, which, when gratified, leaves the object in a ſtate of abhorrence. There are but few men ſufficiently humaniſed to act with charity and compaſſion; and heartily do I lament, that a due ſenſe of what they ought to be, is ſeldom thought on till their perfidy has lain the root of deſtruction, and inevitable ruin ſpreads itſelf over their unhallowed ſpoils. Æmilius may alſo rove in the ſchool of Nature, and plead the power of conſtitution before morality—

but let him take heed, that *the bitter cup paſs by him*, when eternity ſtares him in the face, and racks his conſcience with the ſingle queſtion of—*What and who art thou?* Let him enquire in time, whether, by following the dictates of a licentious mind, that knows no rule of right further than gratifying its own falſe pleaſures, or by conforming to thoſe laws which cuſtom has made a virtue, he will have that happineſs which ought to be felt in the hour of death, and which nought but a wholeſome reflexion on a well-paſt life will admit. How far then would this be the caſe, were we to ſubſtitute Lothario's maxims, by making virtue imaginary, and to-morrow's bride miſerable?

SCYPHON.

To SCYPHON.

I Admire the warmth of Scyphon's Letter to Lothario; it does him honour; though it gives conſequence to a man who writes with elegance wantonly, (the flights of a lively imagination!) to ſhew his literary talents. His ſentiments are too looſe and unguarded to pervert the mind of any woman poſſeſſed of common ſenſe; for ſhe who adopts his ſyſtem, with open eyes plunges into ruin and pitileſs diſgrace; if any one there is who dares boldly ſacrifice her fame, the world, and friends, to the man who loves her ſo little as to court that ſacrifice! when the paſſions ſubſide, which a little time and uninterrupted poſſeſſion will facilitate, how acute her feelings! When coldneſs or conſtrained attention remain the only ſucceſſors of all his rapture, without a ſingle reſource, to divert her mind and employ the vaſt pauſe of tenderneſs! No gentle friend of her own ſex with whom ſhe can unbend her mind, chat, or read, to ſhorten the hours of abſence, and awaken rapture at

his return! Like the moping bird of night, ſhe muſt ſolitarily ſit, brooding o'er her ſituation, and in proportion to her *ſenſibility* will be her *miſery*; without one loved companion of her youth, to ſmooth the rugged path of time, to remain the friend and comfort of her declining years.

The quotations of Lothario deſtroy every pernicious effect of his argument. Who has read Eloïſa, and would not ſhun her fate? What dire ruin incurred! What poignant anguiſh waſted the remnant of her ſad, ſad days!—In every circumſtance, ſome fatal cataſtrophe ſucceeds the unlicenſed indulgence of paſſions in thoſe countries where reaſon and cuſtom has preſcribed laws to nature. Eloïſa raſhly ventured, and was loſt! Had ſhe ſubmitted to thoſe laws, which the policy of Chriſtian nations has wrought, and cuſtom has conſtituted natural ones, how happy would ſhe have been with her Abelard! ſecure of his friendſhip and eſteem, the neceſſary auxiliaries of love! Eloïſa's country afforded her an aſylum after her misfortune; a ſafe and honourable retreat; but my fair countrywomen muſt remember, that an Engliſhwoman has none. *She*, when no longer loved, muſt fly to retirement, (ſecluded from all ſociety) embittered by painful reflection, which will be heightened in degree as ſhe has been

been happy. A deſerted woman, like a poor deer, ſingled out by the cruel hunter, though ſhe eſcapes with life, that life is rendered irkſome: She never, never muſt join the ſaucy herd, who paſs her in ſportive indolence, regardleſs of her fate, and leave her a mark expoſed to every danger. How vaſt the debt of gratitude *that* man owes to the woman, who gives him momentary happineſs at ſuch expence! Too much to pay, he will become a bankrupt, and the compoſition to the poor creditor is tears, anguiſh, and repentance! That my fair countrywomen may not depoſit their whole happineſs upon ſo poor a ſecurity as the honour and gratitude of man, is the hope and wiſh of their friend,

MARIA.

To LAURA.

AS I was the Author of thoſe ſentiments, calculated to extenuate what I term'd an involuntary accident, between contending lovers, I ſtrained many points perhaps, of ideal honour, not then conceiving from the warmth of my own feelings, that LAURA, the name of my miſtreſs, (if you will permit me ſo to call her) would return ingratitude for my tendereſt (tho' humble) endeavours to varniſh over a moral fault: in which I was in part a culprit. I am not aſhamed to confeſs, that the general affection I have for my fellow-creatures, has often made me their advocate in an unſucceſsful cauſe, and by women, whom I ever fervently admired, I have woefully ſuffer'd in body and mind. Tho' a young man, I now ſee my error, and I believe, to prevent wretchedneſs in female connections, a man ſhould, if poſſible, always reſerve a third part of his love to himſelf; leſt by parting with the whole too ſoon, the poſſeſſor becomes unworthy, and convinces him of his folly, the undoubted prelude to every mental anguiſh.

Love

Love in ſome caſes may be involuntary, but if from our youth, for a few years, we could give ourſelves time to ſtudy the ſex, without being haſtily buried in their artful and ſuperficial charms, we ſhould protect ourſelves againſt diſappointments, and leave the mind free from many ſecret pangs. LOTHARIO was too juſt in many of his expreſſions, and no doubt, he treated women in his opinion as he had found them. He ſeemed generally to think they formed no attachment on principle, and that tho' many of them are worthy objects in ſociety, yet the beſt were thought ſo, from that faſcinating impulſe which nature has ordained between the ſexes. I admit in part, his theſis, and having at this time in mind, the woman I once immorally adored, and for a time, poſſeſſed, I think I can give LOTHARIO and MARIA no ſtronger proof of my miſtake, than by laying before them the following letter, which, after a long forbearance, I ſent to Laura, the once loved ruler of my affections.

"MADAM,

"You are at laſt ſtript of your maſk, and on your account I am ſorry I have been ſo long deceived, by your falſe pretences of honour, candour, and gratitude, moſt arfully diſplayed in the character of a hypocrite. In the early part of our acquaintance, I deemed you every

every thing you wiſhed, even in ſpite of all the accounts I received from thoſe who knew you beſt. Pity on the one ſide, and a confidence in your profeſſed love for me on the other, unfortunately attached me to you: on many occaſions you profited by the conſequence, while I have ſuffered in the opinion of my real friends; and a recollection of your whole conduct to me now, not only obliges me to diſmiſs you for ever from my attention, but even renders hateful the remembrance that I ever knew you. My reſentment to your ill behaviour has often ſlept, when, perhaps, it would have been juſtice to have exerted it; but willing to forget it, (including all your inſults) from a ſenſe of female caprice, I paſſed it over, which (thanks to myſelf for ſo doing) has only increaſed it ſeven-fold. I have ſome time read your heart in legible characters, but as our former love produced us an innocent, and, *to me*, a delighting boy, I continued my cohabitation with you from no other motive. My time, attention, and pocket have always been at your ſervice, though my finances were never equal to yours. The farce, however, is ended, and from henceforth, for ever I ſhall drop further knowledge of you. You have proved yourſelf an ingrate, and ſuch is your exalted vanity and preſumption, that you cannot long preſerve a friend, becauſe when you diſ-

cover your *real* ſelf, thro the diſguiſe of your affected ſanctity and meekneſs, calculated wholly to ſtrike your beholders, your temerity changes their eſtimation for you, and baniſhes you from them. You have convinced me that neither your boaſted regard to God, nor your pretended obſervance of chaſtity, protects you from the reflections of virtue; a name often mentioned by you, but how profeſſed, appeal not to me!——that muſt be determined by yourſelf in ſolitude! I ſhall, however, bury all your faults with the thought that you ever exiſted, though, in reality the grave can only obliterate them on earth, when it moulders into aſhes your miſerable corpſe!

"And here let me draw an eternal concluſion between us, by the following ſupplication to heaven:—May you ſoon be releaſed from this world, (and as you have often wiſhed) take your dwelling among bleſſed ſpirits; but before the departure of your ſoul from the body, may every reaſonable wiſh you have be gratified! This is the prayer of him you have baſely treated, who, in return, implores all the celeſtial powers to ſerve you.

Yours no more.

P SCYPHON.

ON

METHODISM.

Written at the Requeſt of a noble Lord.

ALL religion includes the belief of the being of a God, and ſuch belief infers religion; for if a man makes any ſhew of it, be it in whatever form it may, there muſt be ſome deity to whom it muſt be ultimately directed, and this notion is ſo generally received, that unleſs a man has ſome profeſſions of it, he looks like a ſavage among mankind, or rather like a creature with a human ſhape, having the ſoul of a beaſt, which puts every one upon ſome name or character, denoting religion; but how few in number are the ſincere, compared to the many who ſacrifice at the ſhrine of ſanc-

tity,

tity, under premeditated deſigns of encroaching upon the worthy by hypocriſy and deceit?

Thoſe who expect more than man in their teachers of ſpiritual affairs, are ſuch, who by ignorance, become their prey, having no idea that the clergy are mortal, and ſelected for the purpoſe of expounding the goſpel of the eſtabliſhed church, rather than as deputed gods or earthly ſaints, ſince their pretenſions to either can be no greater than the reſt of mankind. It is amazing, therefore, that any rational being can ſuffer itſelf to be ſo much impoſed upon, as to liſten to the ravings of a methodiſtical preacher; and yet there are many who do, from the ſpirit of enthuſiaſm, that experienced gulph of madneſs and folly! To be be particular on this head, let us take a review of methodiſm at large, abſtracted from all other forms of religion, which ſooner or later ſtrikes an awful impulſe on our minds, and convinces us of a being we invoke by that venerable name, God.

Man in himſelf is a ſocial being; and philoſophers ſay, not big enough to live by himſelf; yet we find no animal more ſubject to infection than he is in company. Neceſſity originally ſtruck out government in all ſo-

cieties for the benefit of individuals, in their temporal concerns; and nature at the ſame time impelled in them a duty towards their Maker, or rather towards a ſomething they then could have no idea of, ſuch as the ſun, the moon and ſtars, which from their motions and effects might well be adored. Later ages enlightened the untaught, and brought them to a more refined certainty of a ſupernatural being, as the ſole author of nature, when Moſes by inſpiration (as we are taught) revealed many occult things to his fellow creatures, ſo as to render them fit for preſervation after death, by a proper practice towards their God whilſt living. After this many prophets foretold a Meſſiah, to redeem from deſperation the race of men, who had forfeited the patronage of their Almighty, by breaking through his commands in the garden of Eden, and at length (according to what we find recorded in the four Evangeliſts) the auſpicious hour of his birth arrived.

His apoſtles exemplified his life in the manner foretold, which no doubt was the teſt of perfect goodneſs, and thoſe who imitate his example with fervent ſincerity, merit the names of virtue ond goodneſs, in all their forms. Many have been the modes of worſhipping this Redeemer ſince his birth. Perſecutions and holy wars have viſited various countries on his account; and

and various religious tenets in him have been profeſſed in this kingdom, before it contained a ſet of people whoſe manner of following his laws is what we now call Methodiſm. What motives the arch-leader of this doctrine had for commencing an eccentric expounder of the goſpel, is not here material, though it is much believed he had ſome other more prevailing than that of pure religion. It is no wonder his followers increaſed, becauſe the temper of the lower order of people in this kingdom is always to purſue prodigies, in contempt almoſt of common ſenſe. Ignorance is ſaid to be the mother of devotion, and herein it is evidenced; for when the general of that noble army of martyrs, called Methodiſts, by converting tomb-ſtones into roſtrums, and preaching rhapſodical nonſenſe, became wonderful to his hearers, becauſe they knew no better than to admire what they had not ſenſe to deſpiſe; he played ſufficiently upon their weak paſſions to make them open their ears to his wants, and contribute to enrich his coffers; by which means the church-yard ſoon loſt an epiſodical preacher, who then gloried in ſpreading his doctrine under the bare canopy of heaven, in all weathers, and who afterwards built a ſuperb Tabernacle in Tottenham court-road, to accommodate the polite people of Broad St. Giles's,

where

where he continued to bellow *his only* pure doctrine, to a ſtill increaſing congregation of ſimple, unrefined, and uneducated people, till by frequent Charity Sermons, and Love-feaſts, as he termed them, he felt the ſanctity of their ſouls, by their making continual ſacrifices at the altar of his pocket. Finding it neceſſary to place himſelf among the *quality* of another part of the town, he built a ſecond Tabernacle near Shoreditch, where he met with a uſual ſucceſs; teaching that doctrine to his hearers, that humility, forbearance, long-ſuffering and forgiveneſs, which he himſelf never in his life practiſed, even towards his own family.

This paſtor lived thirty years in a religious character, at home, and abroad where he died, having amaſſed, as 'tis ſaid, a very conſiderable fortune from nothing; whereas, had he continued in the church, and preach'd wholeſome doctrine, he might have died a curate of thirty pounds a year, but for the intereſt of a good connection; this he ſurely foreſaw, inaſmuch that he turned his mind (which was nearly related to phrenzy) to what he called rouſing the paſſions: a politick ſaint, indeed! becauſe this method, taken in a pecuniary light, ſucceeded wholly to his wiſhes.

Indeed

Indeed the community may have derived ſome ſervice from him, becauſe his fort was to terrify his hearers into a belief, in order to ſoften their hearts, and keep them from picking and ſtealing; though we do not find that the Tyburn Chronicle was leſs copious in his time than before. At beſt, however, he engroſſed together many mechanical and laborious people in his preſence, who might otherwiſe have idled their time in alehouſes, the fields, bawdy-houſes, playing at chuck-farthing, drinking, and the like; but where all this time was the more refined and ſenſible part of men? Why not in tabernacles, ſome few only excepted, who no doubt had their worldly views of intereſt.

No profeſſion is more peſtered with impoſtors than religion; 'tis the aſylum of fraud and iniquity, and every villain pretends to it as a prelude to his horrid manœuvres. True religion, like deep waters, is ſilent. 'Tis our actions that are our advocates, and not our words. But Methodiſts tell us we have no religion, becauſe we do not follow their example; as if they were the only choſen people with God. Can any thing be more impudently rude than this is? They alſo tell us our ſermons are ſoporiferous and inanimate. What are theirs? Why a tautology of incoherences, diſtorted and convulſed from holy writ; which they rather

rather inſult than explain; and this too (like Meduſa's head) to frighten and benumb their hearers, under prophane and impious pretenſions of their being moved by the Spirit of Righteouſneſs!

What ornament can Spiritual Wiſdom receive from a ſett of abject creatures, who, often in default of their lawful callings, wander up and down the country, as of the tribe of the Grand Leader, venting their nonſenſe among the gaping lovers of indolence, who would rather paſs their time in this way, than devote it to the ſervice of their friends and maſters? They likewiſe tell us we have no idea of inculcating faith—we live not by rule, nor practiſe the commands of the Lord.—Not as they do, mechanically; for they are taught to reſt all their ſins upon their Redeemer, and with them, a thorough belief in him is only, in other words, making him their pack-horſe, to bear the panniers of their iniquity: ſo that true morality is ſuperſeded by them for the ſake of faith; and the deeper ſuch faith, the deeper their religion. Sound faith therefore in their Saviour, is a ſalvo to them upon all occaſions, whether good or bad; and will, in their ideas, for ever eradicate and expiate their crimes.

But, after all, how few of theſe ſuperabundant religioniſts have proved, as Young juſtly calls it, "unrotten

rotten at the core?" Though in anſwer to this, they may ſay, Where the lambs are, there will be wolves. But they had better announce, "We are the wolves, and ye are the ſheep of our paſture;" for they impoſe upon the deluded few that join their herd, by beginning, devil like, with the women, and finiſhing with the men; who in all ages have committed follies, to obtain the ſuffrage of the fair. They commence depraved ſinners under the ſacred banner of our Saviour, and live, in general, worſe and worſe in the ſight of an infinitely holy and juſt God; aſſuming at the ſame time a ſaint-like innocence; not conſidering, that to perſonate the ſaint, is the real buſineſs of thoſe who are about to play the part of a devil. Surely it is better to have no religion, than thus abuſe it.

If we may judge from ſuperficials, they are all meekneſs; but if we try their hearts, then we diſcover their perfidy in the works of their private life. Jew-like, they carry a mark in their countenance: inſtead of chearfulneſs, which Addiſon tells us is the reſult of pure religion, they are gloomy, melancholy, and have ſcarce courage to look others in the face. The love of their religion brings them to a neglect of domeſtic, and often foreign concerns; and was Eu-

rope at large to follow their example, arts, ſciences, and philoſophy muſt be extirpated: for they are ſo ſupine, that they pretend to think of nothing but God. Hence is the reaſon manifeſted that ſo few wiſe men, lovers of learning and literature, are ſeen among them. Philoſophy they deteſt, becauſe it tends to remove their abſurdities. No! ignorance began the world—eſtabliſhed forms of religion ſuitable to the caprice of the times: and therefore Mahomet himſelf could expect no better from his doctrine than what he found; becauſe he was not holy enough to work wonders, nor his followers wiſe enough to think him the worſe for it.

In fine, hypocriſy is the root of methodiſtical pride, tinctured with vain glory; and ſuch are our modern Chriſtians poſſeſſed of. They play upon the ſenſes of their fellow-creatures, by impoſing their outward ſanctity upon them, as a proof of their inward purity. Let then all thoſe who can, as Hudibras ſays,

"Swallow nonſenſe and a lye,
"With eagerneſs and gluttony;"

And who delight in methodiſm with more glee than a hound will devour carrion, paſs their time by themſelves; nor ſuffer them, ye wiſer beings, to approach your manſions; ſince the majority of them are a mere burleſque

burleſque on religion, and worſhip their God in maſquerade. If other people ſhew leſs religion, they profeſs leſs: but Methodiſts profeſs all, and practiſe little.

As a ſum therefore to the whole, there may be a few well-meaning people among them, who are impoſed upon. God is the ſearcher of hearts, and conſcience muſt tell them this truth, that, to merit heaven, is to be juſt in thought and deed; charitable, and forgiving; having in this life the image of our Saviour as a conſtant example for our living; and not to waſte our time in ſinging, crying, and ſighing, either at home or abroad: for the Almighty, who rewards openly, is to be prayed to in private, with a ſuppliant humility and innocence: By this we ſhall derive a happy countenance and a chearful diſpoſition of mind, the attributes of virtue and true ſanctity, independent of the vain pretenſions too frequently diſcovered in thoſe who ſtrive to appear all religion; but who, in reality, are VOID OF ALL.

ON

MARRIAGE.

HAppineſs is the purſuit of mankind. We all endeavour to obtain it, though few poſſeſs the means. Life being ſubject to variety, our deſires are ſeldom gratified but by accident, the pleaſures of imanation only affording thoſe joys which, if realized, would preſently after vaniſh into naught. Reflection is the ſupreme judge of our actions: by that we are prudently governed, and contentment being the ſummit of all earthly bliſs, it calls for an unuſual degree of wiſdom, in every ſituation, towards its enjoyment.

The

The moſt material ſtate in life is that of MARRIAGE, an inſtitution which is common to us all, and, when choice is guided by refinement, carries with it an idea of ſomething more than human; but when mutual affection does not ſupport the union, miſery and deſperation undraws the veil, and diſcovers to our view the ill-timed conſequences. If we duly conſidered whether happineſs was likely to be the reſult of a connection formed in haſte, or whether intereſt alone would link us in the bonds of matrimony, we might from ſuch contemplations prevent the woes that prevail between man and wife.

The joys of marriage to thoſe who were never married, are ideal; and could they poſſibly be realized, each party would be happy; but as fancy too often deludes us by painting falſe pleaſures, ſo does it frequently force us to thoſe deſultory extremes which make us wretched. If we ſummon a ſmall ſtock of thought on the propriety of our actions, or conſider not the miſchief that would ariſe from oppoſite principles and inclinations, it muſt inevitably follow, that contempt in the end will triumph over paſſion, and the object, which at firſt was dear, on a groſſer principle, will become obnoxious from reaſon and diſguſt.

Wherever

Wherever there is a want of a proper uniſon of mind, or an equality in birth or education, with neceſſary allowances; or ſhould the object of our fiery affections deſcend from mean though honeſt parents, it would then require the philoſophy of Socrates to paſs life with any tolerable peace; beſides, when we conſider that, from the natural caprice of our tempers, it is improbable that two hearts ſhould ever ſo unite as not to take diſguſt, what can add more to it than bondage? Marriage may be one of the attributes of Divinity, calculated for human bliſs 'till life expires, but human knowledge teaches that it requires a heavenly forbearance to cope with its meaneſt torments. The refined vows of Marriage have intended well, and well would they prove, did nature allow that morality ſhould ever ſubdue the ſoul's miſery. A Marriage of indifference ſoon becomes a Marriage of contempt. A Marriage from impetuous love forebodes a ſpeedy hatred; but a Marriage founded on a ſmall degree of wiſdom, where intereſt and affection are inſeparable, bids fair for that happineſs, intended by the Civilians when they framed the Marriage Laws.

Marriage is undoubtedly juſtified by the laws of ſociety, but no law will make us happy, unleſs obeyed with the dictates of reaſon and humility; for ſhould the dawnings of an impure paſſion obſcure the nobler impulſes

impulſes of wiſdom, and plunge us into a thoughtleſs Marriage, we have nothing but chance to depend on for happineſs; and life will be from time to time tormented by airy hope and painful expectation.

Miſery or pleaſure are ſaid to be the conſequential extremes in Marriage. To prove the laſt, is to argue like the contented huſband who, in the ſerenity of his own bliſs, forgets the poſſibility of the former; and though it is in the power of either ſex to make happineſs reſult from their reſpective conduct, it plainly follows that whatever ſatisfaction they derive, in Matrimony, the ſame is not the invariable conſequence of that political law which, in civil ſocieties, bind our perſons and property, without our affection, but rather of a ſtudied, reſigned, and placid temper, formed on the principles of obligation, equally with our natural inclinations. The galley-ſlave, doomed to wear the chains of labour for life, alleviates his fate by his reſignation, and ſuffers with a virtuous degree of patience what he cannot alter.

Hence Marriage, like the decree pronounced againſt the foreign offender, cannot promote happineſs; that only generates in the human mind; nothing can give

give it, but a confident reſignation to all the accidents of fortune.

Whether we derive a repugnancy againſt the promiſcuous intercourſe of the ſexes, is not determined; but experience tells us, that Nature is the cauſe, whatever be the conſequence; and diſguſting as either may become from imprudent and indiſcriminate gratification, avails nothing in favour of moral degeneracy. The laws of Nature have often been repealed by the refinement of human policy, and what in the primitive ſtate of things was native innocence, has long been converted into vice.

From Marriages of reaſon, honour, and virtuous love, many advantages ariſe to ſociety; the rays of pleaſure in the married pair reach to all who know them; but if we reflect, that not one Marriage in a thouſand is ſolemnized, in the medium of diſcretion, ſociety, ſo far from receiving a benefit from it, is injured; God and neighbour are in this caſe offended, and the Devil triumphs where Angels ſhould alone preſide.

The abſtracted joys of Marriage are imaginary; ſeldom realized except among our inferiors, whoſe ignorance

norance keep them at a diſtance from the mortification known therein by their ſuperiors, and ſuffers them to live in the trammels of wedlock to apparent ſatisfaction. To theſe Marriage gives every delight; the community is rewarded, population encreaſes, and every expected ſervice is anſwered;—but view the reverſe, and ſay what do we part with when we give up the bleſſings of liberty and an independent will, for a living bondage to an object ſubject to extravagance, folly, diſeaſe and death. Our mind in this caſe muſt be tortured with anxiety, and the little pleaſure we can at beſt derive will be dealt out to us by the niggard hand of chance, when our minds are intoxicated by ſomething ſenſual. If this is true, what ought we to receive in return? Why, what is ſeldom known or practicable—ineffable affection, prudence, delicacy, and a conſtant ſtudy to pleaſe. Let this be reciprocally obſerved with an elegant ſufficiency, and Marriage will make the parties happy; not the formal act of recording their engagement at the altar of a ſolitary church, but the conſequence of their thoughts meeting each other, and of their hearts and intereſt being blended into one; for, except in the caſe of children, unremitting joys may flow from a Marriage of the mind, as warmly as if the parties were bound by the ſolemn laws.

On this account it is to be wiſhed, that ſacrificing at the altar of Hymen was more frequent; but in regard to perſons of liberal minds, tender feelings and a high ſenſe of honour, we find that Marriage, inſtead of affording content, generally operates as its enemy. Men of ſenſe and experience will ſufficiently argue in favour of this, and they will find it teſtified that Marriage to men is oftener a partial evil, than to women a partial good; nor is it in nature likely that this miſtaken divine law ſhould bring laſting happineſs to ſuſceptible beings, unleſs preceded by that diſpaſſionate compoſure which might rigidly be called indifference.

We are ſenſibly convinced that men would be miſerable without the ſociety of women, as they afford pleaſures to each other which ſeparately cannot be enjoyed. 'Tis natural, and conſidering the end for which both were created, abſolutely right; yet this ſociety, unleſs effected by refined paſſion, repays its particular enjoyments with remorſe and contumacy. On the other hand, there are few who, actuated by the ſoft ſenſations of virtue and content, and who delight in Chriſtianity, but are deſirous of Marriage; and indeed, where there is no diſparity of age, birth, religion, education, or ſentiment, there is a pleaſing proſpect of happineſs. But where one party is in the

ſpring

ſpring of life, while the other droops beneath the hoary froſt of wintry age, little can be expected but ſordid intereſt in the former, and luſtful appetence in the latter; which muſt, in ſpite of every effort, yield in death to ſuperior conſtitution. There are inſtances where youth and age have lived platonically eaſy, where habit has been feeble, and inclination cold as Parian marble: But in regard to Marriage in its more ſympathetic ſtyle, a ſociety of oppoſites muſt produce ill effects, the decline of life in either not being the ſeaſon to be endowed with the more faſcinating feelings of a rapturous love.

The unmarried, when advanced beyond a ſeaſonable age, regret that they are excluded from the pleaſures of a nuptial friend, to whom they might unboſom their interior grief, and ſeek for loving ſolace; this is natural to us as ſocial beings, and ſuch is the ſatisfaction, that after having ploughed through the bloom of our lives, in purſuit of unlawful pleaſures, and perhaps impaired a happy conſtitution, we lament too late we never married. Still, as chance in a great meaſure preponderates againſt happineſs, the inconvenience of a ſingle life can never vie with the ills of an untimely marriage; for ſince happineſs at any rate is not to be purchaſed with money, nor continual love without a

fixed attachment to the intereſt of both parties, Marriage ought never to be thought of without mature reflection; and even when the glaring taper of youth burns fiercely towards madneſs and folly, we ſhould never ſeal our wretchedneſs by Marriage, if we called to our aid the aſſiſtance of a reaſonable friend or parent; but the misfortune is, that in love we ſeldom reflect on conſequences; willing to indulge a wild deſire, or to enrich our coffers, we do not enquire how far our object is formed morally to merit our eſteem, but hurry rapaciouſly into an act big with ſecret miſery.

To be happy, we ſhould deliberate with ourſelves its poſſibility with a woman of virtue, as a partner for life, who has power to make our own home preferable to all others; to delight us with a domeſtic life; to pleaſe us with a little progeny; and, finally, to teach us content under ſuch bounty which Providence may beſtow. This is feminine duty, and while women keep their own welfare in view, ſelf-intereſt will lead them to it, when every other motive is ſeared by a callous or a brutal hand: But how endearing muſt it be to a man, formed in humanity's ſoſter mould, poſſeſſing gratitude and friendſhip, who for every effort in a wife to pleaſe him, will chearfully acknowledge it by innumerable returns! This is wedded love, where

"*nought*

" *nought but love can anſwer love, and render bliſs ſe-*
" *cure.*"

Such women are the ſofteners of our paſſions—in them we bend the dry thread of philoſophy: their company is engaging; and oft, when perplexed with the toils of intereſt, expectation and diſappointment, do we find repoſe in their careſſes. To ſpeak at large of them, Champions, Victors, Divines and Poets, have been ſubdued by their allurements; and could we avoid that natural hatred of reſtraint, or inſure to ourſelves that women would always practiſe their incumbent duty, nuptial happineſs would become univerſal.

On the whole, to conſtitute real and ſolid happineſs between the ſexes in Marriage, and reflect the all-chearing rays of pleaſure on ſociety, none above the degree of plebeians ſhould marry, unleſs they can each reconcile themſelves to actions of unſullied honour, and elevated confidence, the only moral ties between the man and woman. If this cannot be done, the chains of wedlock will become a horrible burthen, and miſery will finally cloſe the ſcene IN DEATH.

ON

PRACTISERS of the LAW.

IT has long been remarked with regret, that of all the polite profeſſions, none, from the general practice of it, is more illiberal than that of the law. By thus comparatively ſpeaking, it will be underſtood that not only the law, but alſo phyſic and divinity, are more or leſs proſtituted by modern practitioners.

That this is true, remains with the meaneſt obſerver to determine, who perhaps at preſent, only knowing that it is ſo, becauſe ſo it is, without contemplating on its origin and reaſon, may not be diſſatisfied by an explanation of both.

To

To effect ſo deſirable an end is now the preſent purpoſe, which will be amply gratified, if it be within the pale of our ability to correct what in others appears to be wrong, while we applaud the right.—right. To reform the abuſes of bad men in any profeſſion is beyond the reach of an individual; as ſuch, what we have to advance will be chiefly explanatory. Though we may point out, in ſome meaſure, the moſt probable methods tending to an alteration, we are perſuaded nothing on earth will meliorate a corrupt heart, whatever may be done towards reſtraining the man.

We have long beheld with pity the turpitude of attornies; the ninth part of whom, from their ignorance and wickedneſs, reflect the higheſt ſcandal on the unfortunate tenth, who often ſuffer in reputation for the miſdeeds of others, though in reality they are an ornament to their buſineſs, valuable to the community, and admired by their acquaintance.

The frauds hourly practiſed by the major part of theſe profeſſors, the depredations they daily commit, are unpardonable; innocence and confidence are the downy pillows on which they repoſe and fatten; unlike faithful ſtewards, whoſe duty it is to protect the property of their

their employers, they often ruin their clients by their perfidy, and rob them of what they ought to guard. Unknown to every moral act, they make it their invariable rule to enrich themſelves from the plunder of others, which they inſidiouſly contrive to effect, under the hypocritical pretenſions of friendſhip, fidelity, and candour.

If we are to undergo any painful operation by a ſurgeon, our dread of it proceeds from the ſight of the knife, ſaw, and forceps; but from the generality of attornies, we are far more oppreſſed by their ſiniſter handywork, though we are inſenſible of it at the time we engage them. The ſurgeon gives immediate pain to afford a ſpeedy relief. The attorney gives the mind at firſt relief, to bring on progreſſive pain. He amuſes us with proſpects of redreſs, in order to involve us in ſuits, and ultimately empty our pockets. If the cauſe of our conſulting him is ill founded, his ignorance or deſign teaches us otherwiſe, and we ſcarcely ever diſcover our error 'till his raſcality has emerged us in a large bill of coſts, and convinced us that, inſtead of an attorney in the antient and honourable ſenſe of the word, we are got into the hands of a pickpocket.

It may be objected, that none but the loweſt of the people can be thus deluded by ſuch ſort of beings, for that

that men of diſcernment would never employ them. To this I anſwer, that in a ſcience, of which gentlemen are ſtrangers, they cannot refute the nonſenſe of a profeſſor whom accident might have induced them to conſult, from his appearance in an elegant houſe, (for which rent is largely in arrear) furniſhed with handſome goods (unpaid for) and ſurrounded with the various papers and ſpoils of many worthy clients. This is the parade of numbers, who build their temporary proſperity on the loſſes of their unfortunate employers.

To blame, however, the profeſſion on this account, would be inſulting common ſenſe. The law and its proceſs in this country (ſome few things excepted) are in the world unequalled, but when practiſed by miſcreants, robbers, ſhoe-blacks, mechanics and ploughmen, it then becomes opprobrious, and cannot fail to damnify ſuch clients, who peradventure fall to their lot, as a prey no leſs to their want of common knowledge, than to their unlimited iniquity. If the purſuit of a client ſhould be crowned with ſucceſs, and monies ſhould paſs the hands of his Attorney, it is next to a certainty but he derives the chief profit from the one, and ſwallows up, by embezzlement, the other. An endeavour to correct all this is like handling ſha-

dows; for the executioner having no lawful property, no eſtate, your only conſolation is, that in the attempt to redreſs yourſelf you add to your calamity, by a trial of long patience, and great additional loſſes, with this further ſatisfaction, that you may lodge the author of your injuries in a gaol, there to reap the reward of his deſerts by *ſtarving*.

Hence men that are liberally educated, and whoſe minds ſoar above the acts of ſcandal and diſgrace, deteſt a profeſſion to which they are caſually bred, and are become heartily aſhamed that the name of Attorney, of late days, ſhould ſeem to imply a *mean, pitiful knave*, an epithet often applied with propriety to a great part of the men on the roll, on whoſe accurſed account the remaining few too often divide their infamy in opinion, without deſerving it.

ON

JEALOUSY.

NOTHING in life tends more to diſtract the human mind than what is generally underſtood by Jealouſy. 'Tis the canker-worm of bliſs, and the bane of all temporal pleaſure. The fool in one extreme, and the wicked in the other, can only be poſſeſſed of it; for thoſe who have reaſon and reflection for their guide, will ſoar above the little world of things, and never be injured by it. Their minds are too liberal to ſuſpect long without conviction, and, when convicted, they are too generous not to behave like Men, but as jealouſy may be defined to be the workings of a corrupt mind, furniſhed with all the degrees of guilt,

it ſo readily ſuſpects in others, I will conſider it as follows.

In the firſt place, none can harbour this paſſion, provided there be any poſitive proof of criminality. An act proceeding from neglect or brutality on the part of the man; now, when neither of theſe cauſes happen, none can be jealous but from ſordid principles.

Should a wife violate her vow by a huſband who in conſcience has nothing to accuſe himſelf of, he will ſurmount the feelings of a moment, and look down with pity, rather than contempt, on the object of his diſobedience. On the contrary, ſhould a huſband doubt the honour of a wife, from the mere ſhew of vivacity or affability, jealouſy will then take root, and every act of affection on *her* part will be wrongfully conſtrued on *his*. So ſtrong will it grow upon him, that his nights will become tormenting, and not a moment of the day will be free from his moſt prying apprehenſions. The meanneſs of an abject ſoul, fraught with every helliſh quality in nature, will keep this paſſion alive, and every hour will bring him new anguiſh. At home he will be deſervedly deteſted hy his wife, and deſpiſed and laughed at by her relations and friends abroad. How little muſt the domeſtic pleaſure be to

that

that lady who, being unfortunately joined to ſuch a huſband ſtands charged with crimes the moſt diſhonourable, and ſuffers the ignominy without the guilt! Her peace is deſtroyed, and not a moment of her life but is attended with the fear of his vengeance, for what? Good God! he only ſuſpects.

In this caſe, ſurely, a woman may be ſomewhat excuſable, ſhould ſhe make an abſolute tranſgreſſion, for who can be faithful to a degraded monſter, when conſcious perhaps of his own unworthineſs, he is conſtantly ſuſpecting thoſe more deſerving? If a man ſtudied the pleaſure of his wife (as in duty bound he ought) he would appear in her eſteem, the very man he ſuppoſes in others, and by thus removing the cauſe, of courſe the effect of his jealouſy would inevitably ceaſe. The ſenſible man will never be jealous long. He may have reaſon to ſuſpect, but his own judgment will then lead to a diſcovery of the guilt without delay, which when demonſtrated, he will generouſly baniſh the culprit from his future patronage, and not linger away life, by encouraging new ſuſpicions, without proſecuting his old ones to ſome degree of certainty. Removing the idea of female honour, thoſe women who are fated to men naturally jealous, cannot be ſo rigidly judged of, ſhould they peradventure go aſtray, as thoſe

who

who are inconſtant by men that moſt dearly regard them; for marriage was intended to promote happineſs, but when ſubverted by a ſeries of jealouſy, the laws of nature will ſometimes take place over reaſon, and the guilt (if any) will emerge in the ignominy which the woman (injured by this accurſed paſſion in her huſband) had previouſly undergone——

Naturam expellas furca licet, uſque recurrit.

HOR.

I am brought to theſe reflections from my acquaintance with a family in the city where the above paſſion rules with violence.—The caſe is thus: Tom Shallow, a man between thirty and forty, married a young creature of ſeventeen or eighteen, an age when the ſuit of any man may ſucceed. The marriage was ſtolen in haſte, and therefore no wonder that the miſerable lady repents at leiſure; for after producing her overgrown plebeian of a huſband two or three fine children from her delicate perſon, the marriage ſtate relaxed on his part from common tenderneſs to every vulgarity; every indecency, and every want of ſympathy, except what a woman tenderly bred might reaſonably expect from the meaneſt of human brutes.——Tho' ſtrictly ſtudious to render herſelf worthy, every effort is made in vain; for, alas! Tom Shallow is jealous;—not a young man

that

that comes to his houſe but he ſuſpects; if he goes out, his return is momentary; and ſo careful is he, that he inſiſts on the blinds of the parlour window being only half up, ſo that he may look over them as he paſſes in the ſtreet, If he goes out at night, 'tis only in the neighbourhood, and then he privately takes the key of the ſtreet-door, to let himſelf in without being heard. If his wife goes out, which ſhe ſeldom does, he always charges her with meeting ſome gentleman or other; and never fails to call ſlyly at every houſe where ſhe viſits, leſt ſhe may ſay ſhe called there by miſtake. Thus circumſcribed, the unhappy lady fears at home to look or ſmile, abroad ſhe does penance; and conſidering that her very ſervants and neighbours are employed by her monſter of a huſband as ſpies to her actions, ſhe may be called the married priſoner, placed on the common ſide of the goal, and oppreſſed by every object that ſurrounds her; at the ſame time feeling every bitter pang, without knowing how to retrieve thoſe happy thoughtleſs moments ſhe enjoyed at ſchool, from whence ſhe ruefully fled, in the arms of the author of all her ſucceeding wretchedneſs.—Her children are a tye, otherwiſe who could blame her flight from ſuch a compound being of hell and the devil, with whom ſhe cannot be happy, but from whom ſhe might be free?

N. B. The above arguments are not meant to extend to that degree of jealouſy, which in ſome caſes may be concomitant with love, where jealouſy only ſeems another term for the fear of offending the object of our paſſion, or rather from feelings bordering on a tyrannic diſpoſition.

ON

GOOD-NATURE.

Sic virtu erat : facile omnes perferre ac pati. TER.

TO add mirth to company, poignancy to humour, and keenneſs to wit, the quality of Good-nature ſhould never be wanting. It harmonizes the firſt, irradiates the ſecond, reconciles the laſt, and, as the art of converſation cannot be acquired without ſome difficulty, the taſk is rendered peculiarly agreeable, and we feel ourſelves invited to it by good nature wherever we meet it. A voluble utterance, and an eaſy ſtile, which

are the ornaments of converſation, are ſeldom attained without ſome trouble, and many faults of ſpeech, the effect no doubt of not being accuſtomed to company, and often from an over-eagerneſs of diſcourſe; the encouragement, therefore, is great, to be aſſured that, when any miſtake of this ſort requires correcting, it is forgiven by good-nature as ſoon as committed. On the other hand, how much is it offended by thoſe who watch for every doubtful phraſe, and join ſociety for the ſake of probing out the verbal errors of an individual, without attempting or wiſhing to admire their beauties? The temper of theſe beings naturally tends to throw a veil over the ſpirit of converſation, and, by impoſing ſilence on one, greatly diminiſhes the pleaſures of others who might be found capable of entertaining and inſtructing: but, from the check thus given, in oppoſition to good-nature, which, truly ſpeaking, is a kind of innate charity admired by all men, though not by all beſtowed: a churliſhneſs of habit is beneath the dignity of human nature; and, while it pleads conſtitution in its defence, we are convinced, that it is more the effect of indulgence, without any attempt to defeat it, than the conſequence of intuition: the native ſplendour of wit is immediately deadened by it, nor can it ever return or rear its drooping head, but by a ſpeedy reflection of its rays on good-nature, that never-failing

balſam to heal the wounds made by moroſe and ſordid tongues. This refulgent beauty is often baniſhed by thoſe whoſe learning and depth of underſtanding hath taught them to be miſerable of themſelves, and to loath what in others (leſs intelligent) they cannot enjoy, their mirth and pleaſantry. If we conſidered, that our buſineſs was to ſearch out happineſs, we ſhould give a reliſh to imagination, by calling to our aid good-nature, and reſolving to be pleaſed rather than mortified by what we cannot alter. By adopting theſe maxims, we ſhould enforce the eſteem of our acquaintance, and the admiration of ſtrangers; content would in this caſe ſmooth our brow, joy would ſparkle in our eyes, and our countenance would fluſh with gladneſs; our jeſts, though pointed, would be without venom, and our company enjoyed without fatigue; for where good-nature preſides, time itſelf is ſuſpended, and care is lulled to reſt: it removes us from otherwiſe a ſelf-created dungeon, and, when properly poſſeſſed, makes us dread its loſs. Great, therefore, are the advantages of converſation, when ſeaſoned with what is little underſtood, but leſs practiſed, GOOD-NATURE.

ON

EASY BEHAVIOUR.

THOUGH the Spectator, the Guardian, and the Gentleman Inſtructed, (books of conſequence to people in the firſt ſtage of life) have laid down rules to form the behaviour of a compleat gentleman or lady, yet nothing betrays a total neglect of their familiar leſſons ſo much, as the manners of the preſent polite circles called the *ton*, with whom the groſſeſt indecencies are falſely termed eaſe, and the moſt abject ill-nature ſprightly wit.

To be truly eaſy, is neither to offend by troubleſome garulity, nor to have the leaſt affectation of carriage; a thing

a thing not eaſily avoided by thoſe who have not the advantages of an early education; force and reſtraint are equally enemies to this great qualification, which none other poſſeſs than thoſe who ſtudy it leaſt; for it is one of the conſequences that always follow polite inſtruction. In reſpect to the perſon, dancing and frequently being in company renders it habitual and unthought of; but reverſe this, and you will find that every attempt at it will be fruitleſs, and leave the party more diſagreeably diſtinguiſhed than when he only purſued the conduct of himſelf; ſimple and artleſs as it may be. There is an apparent eaſe in every well-performed thing, and whatever falls ſhort of ſome tolerable degree of perfection, (perfect nothing is) cannot be deemed eaſy. It is true every perſon is not formed for gracefulneſs, but it certainly is for an eaſy diſplay: the ſtage may in ſome meaſure evidence this, where from excellent performers in genteel comedy, nothing is more conſpicuous than an eaſy deportment, which is the chief ornament of every limb, of every feature, and every geſture.

In regard to the mind and converſation to conſtitute eaſe therein, nothing ſhould offend the chaſteſt ear, either by expreſſion or inſinuation; affability is a great ingredient, and if you can determine to be neither witty

witty at the expence of an abſent perſon, nor fond of detraction, you will be compleatly eaſy; and as in company little converſation can fall to the ſhare of individuals, how agreeable muſt they appear when they deliver their ſentiments from ſmiling lips, with a reclining poſture, tinctured with humility, deference, and charity!

There can be no eaſe where there is vulgarity, lewd inſinuations and indelicacy, for which the converſation of the modern *ton* are contemptible. Tea-table calumny employs their tongues with the moſt proſtituted indecencies, and ſenſual pleaſures gratify their coarſer paſſions. Immodeſty is received too much for eaſe; and ſimple virtue, adorned with the dreſs of innocence, bluſhing with beauty, elegance, and heavenly love, is abandoned as a low-bred creature by the preſent truly polite ſet of beings, who ſeem to know no other eaſe than what proceeds from luſt and foul thoughts.

INSTRUCTIONS

FOR A

GENTLEMAN of modern Taſte.

——— Degenerate times!
When manhood quits the field
And tinſel'd folly
Skips thro' the *gentle* crowd.

IN dreſs you are to remember that the coat muſt be very ſhort and long-waiſted, with a fly flap cut, leaving only room enough for a handkerchief and a ſnuff-box; the ſleeves very low on the arm, and made to button cloſe to the wriſt. It ſhould not be eaſy over the breaſt,

breaſt, but barely large enough to meet with two pair of hooks and eyes; the upper of which muſt be contrived to claſp through a pretty little eyelet-hole, made in the boſom of your ſhirt, ſo that the frill may hang out with eaſe. The waiſtcoat will be extremely ugly if not very ſhort indeed; but then it muſt be edged with a chain-lace, and of a different colour from the coat, with pockets ſufficiently large to hold a piece of ſealing-wax; and for want of a few halfpence, you muſt have a piece of lead in each to keep the corners from curling, which they certainly will do without, provided it be made of ſilk, or any thing thin; and as to the breeches, they muſt come up cloſe under the midriff, be large enough for two ſets of limbs, and made of French black ſoy, with buttons about as large as the head of a blanket pin. This, with white ſilk ſtockings, ſhoes buckled almoſt down to the toe, and juſt high enough behind to get your heel in, will make you cut *a figure*; particularly if your hair is full of powder and pomatum, and your curls paſted cloſe above the ear, with a bag as broad as the fan of your hat, which muſt at all events be ſharpened before, like the bow of a Thames wherry, the better to make its way through wind and water. I had forgot to tell you, that the fob of the breeches muſt contain a watch, with a gold chain and a number of trinkets, which muſt fall

fall ſo as to come juſt between the legs when ſitting; then a long ſword tucked on the left hip, and a cane with a rich taſſel, properly exerciſed, will compleat your dreſs, provided you have a large antique on the little finger, and a handſome method of putting your hat under your arm when in company, ſo as the button and loop may appear conſpicuous. Thus equipped, you are fit for park or play-houſe; but then, further inſtructions may be neceſſary for your behaviour in thoſe places, leſt you ſhould be taken for a hair-dreſſer or a mechanic faſhionably vamped. To avoid which, obſerve the following: In the park your walk muſt be ſtately and ſlow, every now and then turning your face to your company with a ſmile, and after ſaying the weather is fine, and perhaps obſerving ſome honeſt fellow with an old-faſhioned wig, you muſt laugh out, not like an horſe, but rather like *an aſs*—hey, hey, hey—all the time turning your head and twiſting your cane, ſaying further if you pleaſe, "'tis droll, *opin m' haner*." This done, you muſt be ſure to look out for ſome great man's miſtreſs, with whom you are to chat a little, then take leave with a ſtoop, join your company and go home to dinner; where if you ſhould fix to meet at the play, you will alſo remember when there, that you muſt traverſe all the boxes, look around

you, take out your glaſs, reconnoitre the company, firſt giving your ſweet-ſcented handkerchief a flouriſh; and if you ſhould drop on an acquaintance, be ſure to talk loud enough for the whole box to hear you, ſaying, "When did you ſee Tom Such-a-one, or Bill What d'ye call him? How did you like the new play laſt night? I thought it damn'd ſtuff; I could make nothing of it. Good bye, I ſee Lady Simper in the Green Box; I ſhall ſee you again." Away you muſt ſcour to the other ſide of the houſe, and prate with a female; tell her, you wondered you did not ſee her in the boxes laſt night, for that you was in Drury-lane and Covent-Garden houſes; and after diſturbing the attention of the company from the play, by making a party for next day, and hopping over the different boxes (the play being over) you are to ſtop in the lobby, and form a crowd there ſo that nobody can paſs you. Here you muſt ſtare every body through, till your eyes are tired, and then repair to the Bedford or Piazza; walk up and down there for a little time, drink a glaſs of punch, and talk nonſenſe as faſt as you can. Indeed, if by chance you ſhould be inclined to ſit quietly or modeſtly at a play, like a ſtupid fellow, who beholds for entertainment, you muſt not of all things contract the muſcles of your dear face to that vulgar thing a laugh, but rather wonder and look amazed if any one elſe ſhould;

ſhould; and whatever you do, never condeſcend to give an anſwer to any remark you may hear made by the company, though they may appear genteel in their dreſs. Theſe particulars well attended to, will make you the admiration of every faſhionable belle and beaux, whoſe ideas reach to the great knowledge of making themſelves ſingular in manner and dreſs; while others, who pay leſs regard to either, will laugh at your *wiſdom*, and deem you fit for the levee of ſome popular barber-dentiſt, rather than that of a true-born generous Briton; who, in his honeſt heart, loaths the foppery of the preſent degenerate times as much as he glories in its contempt and ridicule.

ON

PATRIOTISM.

—Nor ornament nor profit
Can Politics receive, when untaught men
Diffuſe their little minds,
And bellow nonſenſe thro' all their wilder'd walks.

THE bite of a mad dog cannot poſſibly be more injurious to the human conſtitution, than politics to the generality of men, whoſe only patriotiſm conſiſts in their own private wiſhes to be thought conſequential to the mob; who, though in notorious caſes have been too often right, are always ready to gape at the raving oratory of what they deem a public-ſpirited man; ignorant of his views, to gratify either his vanity on the one

one hand, or his profits on the other; and of theſe, all parts of England abound, but no where more than in London and its environs. There is ſcarce a man you meet, or ſit down with at a Coffee-houſe, but now-a-days is a politician; and talk to him for about five minutes, it is a thouſand to one but he aſſures you he is an author for the public good; at the ſame time pulling out of his pocket an old news-paper, with ſome letter or paragraph in it of his own, on Liberty, or the ſhameful violation of our laws; which, if you give yourſelf the trouble to read, disjointed and unconnected as it may be, you will bring down a whole ſhower of obſervations, and perhaps be lugged into a diſcourſe, that an hour's attention will not clear you from; ſuch as, "Did you ſee the Chronicle of yeſterday, or the Public of to-day? there is a d——d good letter againſt Lord Mansfield in them both." But if you have not ſeen the Morning Poſt, he tells you he would not give a farthing for you; for that of all the letters to Lord North, none comes up to that which he read therein two days before; and if by chance it has eſcaped you immediately all the waiters are bother'd to death for the paper; on peruſal whereof, you will find it probably to be ſome ſtale diſh of haſh-meat wrote by himſelf.

Thus

Thus are you amuſed with the general run of politicians: For inſtance, I am frequently ſeated between a couple, and common good manners will not lead me to contradict, or laugh directly at their ribaldry; therefore, to avoid it, I am forced to beg leave to *paſs* them, and remove to ſome other part of the room. But above every thing of this ſort I had experienced, nothing came up to my univerſal perplexity of late; for being diſpoſed to paſs an hour away at the Chapter, and to eat a ſolitary jelly, I ſeated myſelf firſt near the fire, and took up an evening paper; but my attention was preſently diverted by an old man, whoſe face was ſorely ſcratched by the fangs of time; he aſked me whether I had ſeen Mackenzie's letters to Lord Mansfield; and on ſaying no, he recited ſome part of them, and immediately attacked me with the ſtory of Liberty; I paid little regard to him, and thought I ſhould read my paper better if I removed, which I did immediately to the next box; where, good Lord! before I had read a ſingle paragraph, a man who looked like a *broken ſharper*, preſently exclaimed againſt the obſtinacy of the King, and the infamy of his miniſters. I ſaid nothing, but nevertheleſs he went on 'till I was obliged to change my ſeat a ſecond time; and the waiter having brought me my jelly to a box in the corner, near the bar, I took it for granted I ſhould ſit

quietly there; but, alas! a mongrel creature between the mechanic and gentleman, without ceremony, ſingled the ſame place out; and juſt as I was putting the ſpoon to my mouth, he cries out, "Pray, Sir, have you ſeen a letter ſigned A Farmer, addreſſed to the people of Hinchinbrooke? 'tis in the Cambridge paper—that Lord S—— is a great raſcal—his ſon ſhan't come in for Hinchinbrooke again;" at which I was ſo offended and diſturbed, that I threw down the glaſs, paid my money, and was thereby fairly hunted out of the houſe, with a reſolution to affront the firſt buſy impertinent Patriot I met with after. But when my anger had a little abated, I conſidered as follows:

There are as many empyrics in politics as in phyſic; and the diſcreet reflecting public are as equally troubled with the one as the other; therefore, if we can treat both with their merited contempt, wherever we find them, without paying them the compliment of being offended, they will undoubtedly avoid ſome inconvenience; for, to be ſure, nothing can be ſo mean and low, as theſe ſelf-appointed wiſeacres in politics, whoſe lawful calling, perhaps, is that of tayloring, making ſtays, preaching in a country church, knife-grinding, or teaching at a ſchool; who ſeverally neglect their buſineſs at home, to render themſelves deſpiſed and laugh'd

at

at abroad: And, there cannot be a doubt that, but, like common ſoldiers and methodiſts, they prefer this buſineſs in preference to what nature and education has deſigned them for, purely from a love of indolence and idleneſs. Certainly the common cauſe, inſtead of benefiting by them, muſt be injured; for who, above the degree of a hair-dreſſer, or a city apprentice, can think of ſtanding forth for the public good, when ſuch miſcreants and pretenders as a few hungry parſons, a diſhonoured captain, and a parcel of apothecaries and buſy tradeſmen, advocate againſt our grievances more like Billingſgates than men of argument and power; who ſpeak to convince, and who ſtrive to ſerve. We have but one politician; his name is Wilkes—the uniformity of whoſe conduct, the inflexibility of whoſe principles, and the depth of his underſtanding, makes him, while he reigns to darken, like the ſun, every other luminary: He and Junius beggar all other patriots, and leave them immerſed in the feculency of patriotiſm, while they enjoy it in its pureſt æther. On the whole, it is hoped that this intimation will be of ſome ſervice, and that in future we ſhall be able to read a paper at a coffee-houſe, without the interruption here premiſed.

A CHA-

A

CHARACTER.

ON the ſouth-weſt verge of that fruitful county, Glouceſterſhire, lived a man as grateful in temper as the earth that ſurrounded him. By nature formed for ſocial happineſs, he gave a proof of it in marrying the woman of his heart, whoſe flexibility contributed to lengthen the chain of that content, which ever dawned upon his acquaintance in the worſt of his times; and education having encreaſed, rather than refined the beauties of his ſoul, nothing threw upon his brow more apparent joy, than his thoughts on a divine being, on whoſe attributes he took uncommon

delight. His reflections were ſuch that cauſed a total diſſipation of every dreary idea in his mind, well believing whenever any redundancy of diſappointments in earthly matters, by chance overwhelmed him, that to be ſad was not the Chriſtian's character.

As a proof of his religion, chearfulneſs, according to the doctrine of the amiable Addiſon, frequently took her ſeat in the gladneſs of his countenance. To his family, which was numerous, he diſtributed with unlimited pleaſure every paternal bounty; "aſk and ye ſhall have," was a ſentence often experienced in his houſe with truth. In the ſtricteſt ſenſe, his wife and children deemed him every thing they could wiſh, becauſe in every thing he was admired by the virtuous. To be acquainted with him, was to eſteem him; but to have him as a friend, was to be relieved when diſtreſs greeted his ſympathetic ear. None ſued in vain, nor did any ſeek of him that did not deſerve, his contempt of vice being ſo great, that to be addreſſed by hypocriſy was to be highly inſulted, and which, the few times he met with it in his life, he reproved with effect. His charity was apportioned to his ability. His conſtant affection to his wife for a ſeries of thirty years, was exemplary beyond deſcription; and as to his domeſtic

and foreign pleaſures, none were greater than thoſe of pleaſing wherever his perſon created a ſhade.

In this one man all the cardinal virtues poſſeſſed his heart, while ſcarce one of thoſe virtues lodged itſelf in the conduct of myriads beſides; all which death regarding, ſnatched him in his grand climax to his grave; thence to riſe again, and as the due of his deſerts to partake of that celeſtial glory which fadeth not away. And now that a ſtranger may read his character without loſs of time, while his body lies mouldering into aſhes, the Author of theſe truths cauſed the following impromptu to be engraved on his mauſoleum, leſt thoſe who trample o'er his head may not be taught "how hallowed thet urf is that pillows his head."

EPITAPH.

Death here conſum'd—but oh how deep the thought!
An honeſt man, with goodneſs trebly fraught:
Who but muſt feel, when we one truth relate,
He was prepar'd for his eternal fate!
Deriving happineſs from his God above,
The only ſource of true celeſtial love.
His faith was fix'd, and in his friendſhip try'd,
Untouch'd by bigotry, unſtain'd by pride.
A tender father, to his wife ſincere,
Who now ſurvives to ſhed the grateful tear:
Thus all to death muſt ſoon or late give way,
When happy thoſe who are prepar'd to die.

ON GAMING.

GAming, though originally practiſed for amuſement, has long been corrupted into fraud and baſeneſs. Peruvian Princes, in a ſingle night, played away the Temple of the Sun, caſt in pure gold. Poſterity, in different parts of the globe, have played away eſtates to gamblers, and left a miſerable race inheritors of beggary and want. How oft are the worthy ruined, while the unworthy are liſted up to grandeur, and reign in tyranny over the poor diſtreſſes of tortured honour and deluded confidence?

However

However amuſing this paſſion may be to thoſe few, who rather ſoften its term by calling it ſport, its tendency is deſtructive. It draws men from their duty towards God and neighbour, and frequently empowers an abject profligate to annoy ſociety by his intruſion, his arrogance and impoliteneſs. It gives riches to the meaneſt mortal, and impoveriſhes the gentleman. It encourages diſſimulation in men of diſtreſt circumſtances, and puts the valet on a level with the man of faſhion. It likewiſe converts honeſt induſtry into indolence, and ſometimes endleſs poverty.

It allures innocent youth who fly to it, like eagles to the quarry, by means of appointed centinels. It compliments him into ſnares, leads him into debauchery, empties his pockets, wounds his ſoul; and when martyr'd of his virtue and eſtate by expulſion, he makes his exit from its conventicles, like a *waddling duck*, (a term given to ſtock brokers, when unable to make good their gambling deficiencies in 'Change alley) who ſteals away from his gambling contracts when hovering fortune has decreed againſt him.

The conſequence of this is too fatal by bringing many to the tree, where they die an ignominious death, pitied by none. But the nobleman ſhares not this diſgrace. If reduced by ill-luck, he riſks nothing ſo low, ſo inglorious

glorious—*Inter utrumque tene, in medio tutissimus ibis.* He steers the middle course, and keeps safe within the verge of criminal justice. To him gaming only portends inevitable ruin in character or property, while to the presuming Plebeian it holds out the latent prospect of fortune, or the dreaded tripod before the thread of life has worn itself away.

Nor are the unoffending wives and children of such men free from the attendant calamities; for many amiable and valuable women do we hear of in all the dominions of Europe, who, after giving up their persons and estates to the mercileſs hands of those gamesters, vulgarly called fortune-hunters, are left to brood o'er the most woeful misery, and watch with aching heart, the lisping cries of their tender, but starving babes.

Is gaming then a crime or not? If practised beyond amusement, surely yes; because avarice or necessity prompts the player, and he eagerly grasps an opportunity either to gratify the one, or relieve the other.

To speak of gaming even as an entertainment, which undoubtedly commenced with our superiors, it is concomitant with a love of idleness. The artifice of men made it from time to time more and more a science; and

and had it remained among gentlemen only, misfortunes would have been leſs general; but it is now a trade, and he is the moſt ſucceſsful who knows it beſt.

If the chances in gaming were equally underſtood by every adventurer, there would be no dupes, and play would be confined to the exertion of genius in men of fortune, who advert to it as an employment of their idle hours; but it is otherwiſe. In the circles of gaming there is no diſtinction of perſons; every man is admitted that has money to loſe, or intereſt to introduce him; and ſo vitiating is the profeſſion, that (like women, who eſtranged from virtue, are enured in vice) reduced gameſters become a mark; unable to purſue a more laudable means of exiſtence, they are obliged to traverſe their beaten track or ſtarve.

Viſit through curioſity the ſeparate gaming tables from St. James's to St. Giles's, and the lord will be found playing with the trader, while his crony ſmiles on the loſs of the former, in hopes to divide in private the ill-gotten pelf of the latter. O ye men of family and eſtate, where is your reflection! Your prudence flies from you in gaming, as the timid ſtag ſcowers the earth before his purſuers. When you exceed the limits of recreation, how wretched are your feelings?—content departs from you. To conclude the ſcene, you ſtake

ſtake the demolition of your worldly ſupport, and ſubject yourſelves to your reſpective pariſhes.

As therefore there can be no gaming without anxiety, hope, fear, and deſpair; or, in cloſer words, heaven or hell; may every young man take an early admonition, and never ſtoop to upſtart vermin, who are aggrandized on the ſpoils of their ſuperiors, for the rack itſelf affords torments NO GREATER than ſpring from gaming, but LESS EXPENSIVE.

TOUR

A SHORT

TOUR

FROM

LONDON,

Through Part of FRANCE and FLANDERS, vulgarly called a JAUNT.

MOST heartily tired of dragging life in a city big with miſchief and inſipidity, where it was my lot ſeldom to be within the ſmiles of good fortune, I left it in a month whoſe name takes riſe from the general plenty the earth at ſuch times bear; I mean Auguſt; and after taking leave of few friends indeed, I proceeded to Margate; though I met with nothing intereſting be-

tween that and London, except a great variety of very fertile lands in Kent, which, to be ſure, were very pleaſing to the eye: But, alas! how much was even that pleaſure diſturbed, while I conſidered that not one ſpot thereof was mine! however, the eye was amuſed, though the heart was dull.

I arrived at Margate at night, thoroughly indiſpoſed. The next day I traverſed the town, which in itſelf is truly miſerable; nothing in it tolerable but the aſſembly room; which indeed is the largeſt unornamented plain building I ever ſaw for dancing, though ſo badly rooſed, that an impetuous ſhower ſoon finds its way through, as appeared to me while dancing there, when a violent thunder-ſtorm put the company into the moſt ſurpriſing confuſion I ever remember. The old ladies cried, the young ones fainted, and nobody had the pleaſure to attend them with ſmelling bottles but a Jew Doctor, who engroſſed them all in a corner by themſelves, feeling their ſoft hands, and attending all the emotions of their ſnowy boſoms, as if he was ſole arbiter of them all.

The room is pleaſantly ſituated on a riſing hill on the ſouth ſide of the town, near an open field, and commands, over a new building called the Square, rather a pleaſing proſpect of the ocean, which runs from into-

the Northern and Britiſh Channel towards the Nore, waſhing the cliffs of Margate in their courſe. The conveniencies for bathing here are clever, but the ſea intolerable, no other place but the harbour being allotted for it; and, conſidering the return of the tide therein, it cannot be wondered that much filth, coming from the veſſels, horſes, and carriages, muſt not only corrupt the water, but render it unpleaſant to thoſe who, at at all events, will bathe; and many there are thus reſolute. Here is alſo a quay, by ſome called a parade, but this is undoubtedly a miſnomer, except it be taken from the parade of making out bills at a tavern thereon, where, on the third day after my arrival, I and two friends dined from a ſmall ſaddle of mutton, and a bottle of port, for which we paid 1l. 3s. 8d. The rides about Margate are indifferent, except that to Lord Holland's, about three miles off a pretty romantic building

But to return: At Margate they have a maſter of the ceremonies, 'tis true; though whether he is calculated for the meridian of politeneſs in the firſt circles, or the nadir of ruſticity in the laſt, the ladies who ſaw him well know; for my own part, though not at all fond of arraigning in another what I cannot amend in myſelf, I think he would have merited more applauſe had he undertook

dertook the conduct of the tavern, rather than the aſſemblies; for his addreſs was ſo rough, his manner ſo clowniſh, and his method ſo peculiar, that even a poſtillion of Beau Naſh's would bluſh to behold him; and now I am come to this, I muſt not, indeed cannot, forget to obſerve, likewiſe, that ſcarce one gentleman danced a minuet as if inſtructed by any human creature, to the no ſmall miſery of all the ladies, who aſſuredly danced in general with grace and eaſe. Many were very handſome, but the girl that ſtruck me moſt was a Miſs D——ll of Canterbury. Her perſon was happy, above the common ſize, and within the uncommon, with a face as ſenſibly ſoft and beautiful as nature, in my opinion, could deſcribe; while ſhe poſſeſſed, at the ſame time, an apparent temper that would make a Cynic love. I met with many friends at Margate; and, after a ſtay of a fortnight, I proceeded for Ramſgate, with eight or ten new acquaintances, where we dined elegantly and reaſonably.

The work called the Pier at this place is ſtupendous, but when finiſhed it will be next to uſeleſs, on account of the great quantity of ſand which the ſea forces into the harbour, and which muſt remain there for want of a back water, as at Dover, to carry it out; if this was contrived, it would make it the greateſt wonder of a harbour

harbour in the kingdom. It is built with ſtone, in a circular form, and has the appearance of two creſcents, whoſe termination in the ſea leaves a mouth at the entrance for ſhipping.

From hence I went through the Iſle of Thanet to Sandwich, an old deſpicable ſmuggling town, fit hardly for the reſidence of man or beaſt. I lay here only one night, and went forward the next morning for Dover, but took in my way a view of Walderſhare, the ſeat of Lord Guildford. The park and grounds are delightful; but the houſe, which is a large one, is low, and I think unhealthy. His Lordſhip ſaid otherwiſe. I got to Dover to dinner. This is an oblong, ill paved, irregular, romantic ſea-port, ſituate under the moſt enormous hills I ever ſaw, ſome part of which are now and then apt to travel. Dover harbour is extremely well contrived; a flood-gate with ſtone piers on each ſide retains the water, which every tide brings into a large reſervoir, and when the tide is out, the flood gates are opened to diſcharge the reſerved water, which ſerves to waſh away the ſhoals and ſand, ſo that the harbour by this means is always clear and fit for the reception of ſhipping. Many pretty girls live at Dover, ſome of whom I *ſcraped* an acquaintance with; but finding they had no other fortune but the tinſel of beauty,

beauty, I did not ſuffer that to lead me aſtray; for after a day or two paſſed here, I embarked for the Gallic ſhore.

An open boat which met me half ſeas over, landed me preſently at Calais, when being rather dizzy, I went to bed at the Table Royal, a very good houſe indeed, with civil people. A new ſcene now preſented itſelf. Three or four men cooks larding of game and taking of ſnuff in a breath. Ragouts, fricaſee, compot, and roties in abundance; with *Que ce qu'il faut*, *bougre*, *foutre*, *jam foutre*, in the mouths of men, women, and children. The ſituation of Calais (a garriſon town) is low, but has a remarkable harbour, incloſed by timber piers on each ſide in a ſtraight line, for a quarter of a mile into the ſea; at the mouth of which are two fortreſſes garriſoned, forming at high water an odd appearance to ſtrangers, becauſe they are then ſurrounded with ſea. There is a very good church at Calais, with one or two fine pieces of painting by Rubens, particularly that where our Saviour is taken down from the croſs. The French take great pains to ornament their churches in the moſt coſtly way, but their devotion is ridiculous. One droll thing is the going to Maſs by the officers

officers in the military: they are preceded by drums that beat alternately in church during the whole maſs, and Amen is pronounced by the rattle of drum-ſticks.

The Roman catholic religion tends to univerſal quiet, no bickerings or diſputes are ever known among its admirers in religious matters. Silence is their chief virtue; and however depraved a Frenchman may be, he has the happy reſort to his prieſt for abſolution, who, though never ſo unholy in himſelf, perſuades every ſinner, that at his interceſſion by prayer and ſupplication to heaven, they may rely on remiſſion, and ſo depart in peace. Glorious for a free country, like England, that theſe errors continue in France; for, if once extirpated, and a freedom of conſcience and will was ſuffered there, Woe be to the Engliſh! who doubtleſs, muſt one time or other become their ſubjects; but however, we could then only be free, and it matters not much on which ſide the invidious ſtreights we are ſo. There are a few tolerable *fine girls*, for Frenchwomen, in Calais, and a prodigious number of *wind-mills* in the lower town.

On my departure from Calais, I proceeded in a direct road through Montreal to Abbeville, towards the

the French metropolis, but meeting with a diſappointment there, I inſtantly returned to Calais. I muſt ſay that in every town I paſſed, I found excellent accommodations; though it required no great diſcernment to diſcover that the French always make the moſt of an Engliſhman. Be it ſo. They are not to blame; 'tis the ſame in England by them, and it is but right that mankind ſhould pay for their folly. If you would travel, or behave prudently (and I do not know that this virtue is at all unbecoming a prince) you will neither affect, in a foreign country, to be what you really are not, nor will you be above examining into the propriety of French bills. Ignorance of a foreign language is the only excuſe for your being bubbled of your money; ſtill how eaſy is it for you to take an interpreter? You call them all rogues. Pay them properly, and there is a chance you will find ſome of them honeſt.

The firſt place I ſaw in Flanders was Dunkirk, a very good town indeed; full of people, and great hoſpitality. The harbour and baſon made me ſigh, to think that ſuch once compleat and uſeful places ſhould now be reduced to ſhoals of mud and ſhallow water; but this was good Engliſh policy. My next courſe was

was up the country, as it is called, to Bruges, formerly a great place of trade. From Dunkirk hither I paſſed in a barge on canals through Furneſs and Nieuport, two garriſoned towns, though very melancholy. Bruges itſelf is like moſt of the towns we meet with in Flanders; large, dull, and full of miſerable poor people. The Wheatſheaf was the inn I was at, and a very good one I found it. A day paſſed here was fully ſufficient; I then went on for Ghent. This is really an airy, grand-looking place, particularly to viſitors, who are uſually conducted to the St. Sebaſtian, an inn which is equal in appearance to the Caſtle at Marlborough.

There happened while I was here to be an entertainment, as it is called, by dogs, bears, wolves and aſſes, who were put to combat each other; but as I found that ſome of theſe creatures were wilfully blinded, others deprived of their teeth, ſo as to prevent death to the others of them in battle, I own I was ſoon weary of what moſt of the company thought amuſing, and left it to their enjoyment, while I prepared for my tour to Bruſſels, which I reached on the evening of the next day, having firſt paſſed a ſmall town called Alots, where the Queen of Hungary uſually keeps a large ſtud of black ſtallions and brood mares. Bruſſels is a very

large, populous and lively town. Here are ſeveral theatres, and a court is held by Prince Charles of Lorrain in the moſt pleaſant part of the city. It is remarkably well watered, and ſupplied with all the neceſſaries of life at a moderate price. Beſides this, it is very healthy, having round it a very pleaſing, fruitful, flat country. Neither is houſe-rent or lodgings at all extravagant. Four days ſtay here gave me a full reliſh of every thing, and I was then about to return home; but hearing that the memory of ſome ſaint was to be celebrated at Mechlin, about four leagues to the eaſtward, I was induced to make my appearance there; but all that pleaſed me was the ſight of a town much cleaner, much larger, and much more open than any I had ſeen, except Bruſſels. The place was wonderfully crouded. Accident, however, threw into my way an old prieſt, to whoſe civility I owed the having a dinner in a blackſmith's ſhop; after which he conducted me to a carpenter's, to ſee the proceſſion of cars drawn by horſes, and many fooleries, for which he modeſtly charged me a guinea.

I was now determined to return home, and leaving Bruſſels the next day, I came in a coach to Bruges, where, after a night's refreſhment, I got a conveyance, *par le barque*, to Oſtend. I muſt here obſerve,

obſerve, that this kind of travelling is very cheap and agreeable; for you are accommodated with good eating and drinking, and have handſome apartments to ſit in, ſo that lively company can never be unamuſed.

Oſtend is rather pleaſant for a low ſituation, and very convenient for trade. It is likewiſe remarkable for ſeveral ſaw-mills, which are particularly uſeful in the cutting large timber at a ſmall expence. I juſt reviewed the machinery of one of them, and paſſing two or three days with a very entertaining, friendly gentleman, the Britiſh Conſul there, I ſet off for England through Dunkirk and Calais. I was detained a day at both theſe places, by the caſual waiting of ſome Engliſh friends, whoſe agreeable company obliged it. I then embarked for Dover, and repoſed my much-wearied perſon in that ſame town, at the Ship Inn, in the courſe of a few hours. Early the ſucceeding morning I was applied to by a young Poliſh Baron who had croſſed the ſeas with me, craving my company to London Poſt. I was pleaſed with the occaſion, and joined him inſtantly. If a hearty laugh or conſtant talk contribute in a companion any thing agreeable, I had no occaſion to complain of mine; for ſuch was his garulity, that for ſeventy miles, I believe, I found an opportunity of uttering half a dozen ſentiments. My

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gentleman being a Polander, and very little accuſtomed to France, I compounded for one-third of his meaning in all he ſpoke; and though he did not in the leaſt ſurpriſe me by ſaying Madam Duteé had *coaxed* him out of 2000 Louis d'ors for her *amourettes*, yet he aſtoniſhed me into a laugh when he produced a written direction to his brother in London, without mentioning name or place. However, I now arrived in London, that world of itſelf; I lodged my companion ſafely, and went to bed; returned thanks above for a ſafe return; and after reflecting how much mankind are wafted about, was pleaſed at being in my native country, the pride and glory of the univerſe.

ON

ON MAN's INSIGNIFICANCE.

THE memorable Mr. Pope in his Poetical Eſſay has defined man to be in fact little more than beaſt; the ingenious Mr. Swift was of the ſame opinion; and Lord Rocheſter in his Satyr has confirmed the idea. He ſays,

I'd be a dog, a monkey or a bear,
Or any thing but that vain animal,
Who is ſo proud of being rational.

Other Authors of equal reputation approved the doctrine, and when verging on eternity believed, that tho' man, the nobleſt object of the Almighty's handy-work, was rational, he was of all beings the moſt wretched and

and inſignificant; born for no diſcovered peculiar or private purpoſe but to breathe; and, as Thomſon ſays,

——— To look erect on heaven.

He is ignorant and helpleſs in his childhood, paſſionate and inordinate in the ſhort continuance of manhood; fooliſh, peeviſh, and decrepid in age; life to him without believing it a warfare to ſomething he knows nothing of, would be inſupportably heavy and perplexing.

His reaſon dawns on him with deceiving pleaſures; it promiſes to realize the flattering fancies of imagination, and conducts him with health to JUDGMENT. Here he makes a pauſe, he wonders! he adores! If the affections of his mind are ſtrong, he ſeeks to gratify them; he knows no better, and follows nature. If weak, he deſpairs, and envies what he cannot enjoy. He looks forwards, and views immenſity. Hope takes him by the hand, leads him further on in life, and tells him philoſophy will bear him to his journey's end in peace and ſatisfaction; but when arrived to feeble age, and youth and vigour are recollected to be fled; when fancy is cloyed, and conſtitution debilitated; when nature checks herſelf by time, and the mind ſuggeſts that once ſhe has had her ſway, then hope is at a ſtand, and reaſon ſues in vain for wiſdom and regeneration. All

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is vanity and vexation. Reaſon with man is now no more his boaſt, nor will he to inſtinct prefer

—— An *ignis fatuus* of the mind,
Which leaving light of nature (ſenſe) behind,
Pathleſs and dang'rous wand'ring ways it takes,
Thro' errors, fenny bogs, and thorny brakes.

ROCH.

What is to be done? Though worn down to the laſt, and Atropos threatens, ſcymetar in hand, to cut the thread of life, ſpun into texture by her ſiſter Fate, is man to be loſt? to emerge in duſt? or to return to his primitive nothing? No! his Maker is omnipotent, and omnicient! Nature proclaims his work muſt not be loſt. RELIGION now ſteps in, and with all her heavenly attire, angelic grace and ſpiritual love, tenders the bounteous balm, and ſtoops to hold from perdition's abyſs an unenlightened mortal. If flexible and repentant, he ſucceeds by the grace of his new gueſt; FAITH redeems him; he reconciles death, and expires to riſe again in celeſtial and eternal glory.

Thus at large of man, who paſſes
Some few years,
His flow'ring ſpring, his ſummer's ardent ſtrength,
His ſober autumn fading into age,
When pale concluding winter comes at laſt,
And ſhuts the ſcene. THOM.

He is ſocial, yet ſcarce a day he breaths, but he breaks more or leſs Societies wholeſome bonds. This proceeds from the diſorder of his paſſions; avarice, pride, envy, and ambition, are his ruin: ſtates and kingdoms are involved in the diſtreſs: ſciſm, bigotry, and zeal, are the deſtruction of Chriſtian fellowſhip: ſelf-intereſt and love create private feuds; ſeperate friend from friend, and brother from brother.

By this irregularity of the human affections, man is univerſally injured and corrupted; his life is embittered through all its viciſſitudes. Hence he is vain in ſucceſs, and ſullen in diſappointments; extravagant in his deſires, impatient for happineſs without the means; doting in his favours; in his vindictions revengeful; deſpondent in ſorrow; and through his whole life he is continually changing from extreme to extreme; deſtitute of content, and ever mortified when he beholds it in a fellow creature.

Theſe are man's inward maladies, and ſad to reflect on! Multitudes of periſhing creatures rather chuſe to gulp down ſin and death, with all their groſs deſtroying falſe pleaſures, than apply to God in time, as their only Preſerver and Protector here and hereafter.

Man

Man boaſts too of ſuperiority: but by the laws of nature, all men are equal, madmen and ideots excepted. Diſtinctions in ſociety proceed from virtue and honour; they are the atchievements of terreſtial glory; but Kings muſt ſhare the beggar's fate in death; the mind in all is the ſame: the immortal Locke on education has ſhewn the difference (if any) to be alone in conſtitution. Education may make the peaſant's ſon ſuperior to himſelf in knowledge, but not in virtue: it may leſſen his humility, but never does his arrogance; and 'tis ignorant to preſume, one man above another, becauſe a happy education and favourable opportunities, ſet him above the honeſt, artleſs, untaught herdſman, who probably, with the ſame advantages, might make a better man.

This opinion is not eccentric: it has been obſerved with juſtice, that Parnaſſus is a Republic, not a Monarchy, where, though ſome may poſſeſs a more cultivated ſpot, yet others may have land as fruitful on an equal cultivation: humility is man's moſt amiable virtue, yet, as Shenſton ſays, it has often depreſſed, from the diſingenuity of readers, a genius into an hermit, but never raiſed one into eminence.

To conclude, man, with all his inſignificance, is born for heaven. To forget this, is to level him with the brute: his life is a ſtream that diſembogues into an ocean, fathomleſs, and without limit. All his learning, wiſdom, and vaunted tranſcendence, confirm his weakneſs, and elude his happineſs, of which his ſhare is often leſs than falls to his meaneſt ſlave. At random he wanders in the ſea of life, and ſeldom or never weathers his wiſhed-for haven.

In fine, he is born in this world to live eternally in another; yet, while here, if indifferent in the purſuit, he muſt expect diſappointments: high-flown mortals deal in palaces and money; children in dolls and hobby horſes. So that at beſt, if the follies of the one are more expenſive, the childiſhneſs of the other is more innocent, leſs offenſive and injurious.

TO

JUNIUS,

In Anſwer to his Letter to Lord *Mansfield* upon bail in criminal caſes.

TO write againſt Junius as an obſcure individual; to brandiſh a pen with his elegance of expreſſion, whether to praiſe or declaim, and to draw a general attention thereto, are things which the author of theſe lines deſpairs of. The public are ſufficiently acquainted with the beauties of Junius's letters, to proclaim them enthuſiaſtically happy, and many, while they glide over his *ſoft* flowing numbers, and undulating ſatire, receive delight, though ignorant of the ſubject; and, like an unguarded youth, by ſome corrupted harlot, pleaſingly are caught by the ſuperfices, inſenſible of the diſeaſe

within. Among the claſs of news-paper writers, you, Junius, have obtained the name of ſovereign, and tho' your wiſdom does not bring you to infallibility, nor your ſubject, at all times, render itſelf invulnerable, you have the fortune to be deemed the firſt of politicians. With few, 'tis praiſe to condemn you. With many, to condemn you is to be deſpiſed. No line of juſtice ſeems to be drawn of you, and to ſcreen yourſelf from impeachment, you have the ſatisfaction to be unknown. Your works, like unlawful children, are thrown upon the public, and for the general reception they have met with, you are indebted to the caprice of men and manners.

Thus fixed to your purpoſe, how bold the taſk to arraign one paſſage of your writings, or to attempt to ſoften the edge of your unbounded ſeverity! Argument, except with yourſelf, you have ſtudiouſly avoided. I do not mean that you ſhould condeſcend to anſwer every tiney or mongrel line that is or has been publiſhed againſt you; nor do I wiſh ever to ſee your *name* in print. The reverſe conſtitutes the greateſt part of your prudence, from whence you owe your ſafe arrival to the fame you now enjoy, under the auſpices of an intoxicated public, ſwoln with the phrenzy of a licentious freedom, to whom every invective and abuſe

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is pleaſing, whether from Junius, or the moſt trifling declaimer.

Under every diſadvantage, I am induced to addreſs you, from motives of independence; and whether you condemn me or approve, I ſhall be content, knowing that my intention is not to miſlead; more than can be ſaid of you in all you have aſſerted. Your laſt hiſtorical letter, which, in its general ſubſtance is approved, is vitiated by the epiſodes you have incorporated therein; and though ſome part of your law is admitted, your ſpleen is reprehenſible. Had you publiſhed the former, abſtracted from the latter, many a ſtudent would have been obliged to you for your reſearches; but the rigour of your hiſtory is too ſevere for your application. You loſe the ſubſtance, and graſp at the ſhadow. Is no conſideration to be paid to the ſpecies of felony? Is the law as much affected by petit larceny as great? Is the injury in private the ſame? Is the value of ſix ſhillings (though abſolutely a theft) in a *public* office, equal to taking a thief within your walls in the dead of the night? 'Tis true, both are felony; but is there no difference in nature and value? A rigid proſecution of the former would be deemed vengeance, but in the latter it would be juſtice. I do not mean to enter into

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the more minute paſſages of your letter, inapplicable to your purpoſe. You ſay, Lord Mansfield broke the law in bailing *Eyre*, and have given *your* authorities. I ſay, had he been brought before Lord Mansfield as a felon, with the *maner* upon him, for having broke into your houſe in the dead of night, he would not have been bailed. But as his crime was of a different nature, though rigidly felony, he was bailed on principles of diſcretion, proceeding from an opinion that his apprehenſion was malicious, and more for the ſake of vengeance than ſimple juſtice; notwithſtanding you dwell much upon his being taken with the *maner* upon him, that was a matter not before the court, or before his Chief Judge, upon the return of the Habeas Corpus. The warrant of his commitment only ſhewed he was guilty of *larceny*, without mentioning the *maner*, and the Judge therefore was to determine from thence. The taking 300l. bail for this man, you ſay, was compounding of felony. What, with a man who would have undergone every diſgrace to preſerve the tenth part of that ſum? If he had abſconded, he might have been outlawed. Where then is the difference of a man's being forced from the kingdom as a tranſport for life, to avoid the cenſure of the law, or his being ſent therefrom by its judgment? either way he received his puniſhment; but you may ſay the firſt was more honourable

nourable than the laſt. I aver it would be more dreadful, for he would then be a *tranſport for life, with a forfeiture of his recognizance, and ſtill open to the law ſhould he ever be within its reach*; whereas, on the other hand, he would be only a tranſport for *ſeven years*, with a ſaving of the amount of his bail, and reſerving the chance of a pardon, if application was made to the ſeat of mercy for him. If lawfully tranſported, his crime was not ſo monſtrous as to hurt his repute upon his return to this kingdom at the end of his term, where he would be rather deſpiſed for his pitiful meanneſs, than avoided as a capital felon. Theſe were circumſtances ſufficient to juſtify Lord *Mansfield* in the exerciſe of his diſcretionary power on this occaſion, who wiſely foreſaw that if *Eyre* abſconded, the forfeiture of his recognizance, together with his being obliged to fly his country, would be a puniſhment and ignominy equal to his crime. How, Junius, do you call this compounding of felony?—In what inſtance would Lord Mansfield have derived any advantage from it?—Surely a little reflection will tell you, that you have ſcarce a colour for labouring in the work of your laſt, but that darling principle of your ſoul, detraction! Was there no room for diſtinction under ſuch particular circumſtances, or was the thirſt of vengeance ſo great againſt an avaricious man, that nothing

nothing would do but tranſporting him by the expreſs judgment of the law? The queſtion is anſwered by the event, and his proſecutors are ſatisfied; why then all this noiſe about bailing ſo contemptible a being? But you will not argue; you do not like circumſtances; 'tis the rigid fact, without its cauſe or conſequence, you delight in. Fortunate for you we do not know who you are, who thus protected by private concealment, ſpreads a private opinion of public men, or we might be able to reverberate the ſounds of miſdeeds upon you, to your diſgrace. You traduce the firſt characters, becauſe you know all their actions. Did they know your's, they might wound (without traducing) you. To attack the judicious conduct of a man, in a matter that eventually agrees with the rigour of the law, and where the culprit is in *miſericordia*, is improper and out of time; it ſhews that abuſe is more your intent, than diſpaſſionately to convict. You miſrepreſent the law, and appear not to be acquainted with the practice of judges in theſe caſes: Without entering into an immediate hiſtory to prove this, I refer you to Hawkins and Hale, under title *bail*, where you may improve your knowledge in this matter, and be convinced that however faithful you may have been in your quotations, you might have illuſtrated them to a more liberal purpoſe.

You'll

You'll nov give me leave, by way of digreſſion, to obſerve, how happy you have been in your public conduct.—You joined the moſt popular ſide, and have continued to ſhout with the general cry.—You have ſubtlely made thoſe men the objects of your fire, whom other incendiaries had rendered obnoxious to the public; and independent of the ſubject, *right* or *wrong*, it is doubtful whether the brilliancy even of your pen, on the other ſide the queſtion would attract common attention; which indicates fully the intoxication of a miſled people.—All your beauties are confeſſed with the ſame truth that your principles are diſliked; and could generoſity or juſtice diſcover itſelf in all you write, as well as your elegant illiberality, you would be univerſally admired.—But as neither honour nor humanity direct your public thoughts, candour and reaſon condemn your ſubject, clad in the pleaſing language of attic learning.—

ON LIBELS.

THE law has ever deemed a libel a malicious defamation of any perſon, either in print or writing, ſigns or pictures, to aſperſe the good name of one that is living, or the memory of thoſe that are dead; nor does it conſider whether the party be of good fame or bad, or whether the ſubſtance of a libel be true or falſe, ſince in a ſettled ſtate of government the party ought to complain for any injury done him in the ordinary courſe of law; he is not to revenge himſelf by the odious and mean practice of libelling, and thereby judge of his own complaints without appealing to the

laws which gave him a more effectual remedy. The truth of the libel is no extenuation of the crime, when it tends to a breach of the peace from the party offended, in which caſe, the redreſs ſhould be ſought by information or indictment, where the libeller cannot by his plea juſtify his conduct. If it be falſe, then it is beſt by action on the caſe, where the law allows that liberty, in order that the party may acquit himſelf by proving the truth of what he has wrote, which in civil matters is uſually done, though not in criminal proſecutions, where law and fact ought to be inſeparably united. The puniſhments in conſequence of conviction upon libels are two-fold. One, when the proceſs is on information or indictment, is by fine and impriſonment; the other, when it is by action on the caſe is by pecuniary damages, given according to the heinouſneſs of the crime, and the circumſtances of the offender.

Thus ſtating what the law ſuppoſes a libel to be, together with its nature, tendency, and puniſhment, I ſhall proceed to digeſt how far any writing ought to be conſidered as ſuch by a court or jury.

A malicious defamation is the ſcandal which is expreſſed in a ſcoffing ironical manner, as well as in direct

rect terms, either in print or manuſcript, by ſigns or pictures; and it has been held that a writing full of obſcene ribaldry, without any kind of reflection upon any one, is no libel; nor is a writing puniſhable where it inveighs againſt mankind in general, for it muſt deſcend to particulars, which either from truth or falſehood, tend to a breach of the peace, or which may bring upon the party libelled a real damage. The law therefore, as lain down in all the books under this head, does not ſeem to admit of a doubt, but that every writing containing a malicious defamation, conſtitutes a libel in the fulleſt meaning of the word, and ought as ſuch to be puniſhed with rigour, not only to deter the author from continuing his libels in future, but as an example to others who, from the ſame vile principles, might be induced to enter the liſts of literary pretenders, whoſe tame traſh frequently recoil on themſelves with abhorrence.

In regard to the liberty of the preſs, and that of declaring our ſentiments freely on any matter for the ſervice of the community, the ſame depends upon the valuable laws of every free country wherein we breathe; and it would be abſurd to ſuppoſe, that every publication which arraigned by way of argument, unſullied by malice or malignity, the principles of general characters,

racters, or which tended to explode a particular doctrine, debated among men of ſcience, ſhould be ſcandalized with the epithet of a libel. On the other hand, there are many men who, unable to exculpate themſelves from an erroneous theſis, or to juſtify an illiberal conduct, would gladly convert diſpaſſionate language, wrote with a temperate zeal to expoſe their folly or vice into libels; yet ſuch attempts add greatly to the laugh againſt them, while we know, that to ſpurn againſt what we cannot refute or condemn, beſpeaks the moſt cowardly of beings, who would ſooner cruſh a gentleman and a ſcholar to atoms in the dark, than look him in the face as becomes a man of clear conſcience. The advantages of writing we feel every day, which brings to our view ſome new performance. Eſſays and treatiſes on various arts and cauſes, we find frequently anſwered, and often refuted, from whence the *literati* receive ſome amuſements, and perhaps profit; yet in theſe ſhould we dive for libels, we ſhould cramp the beauties of genius, and puniſh merit for exiſting beyond imagination. Every candid author lays his breaſt open to an adverſary, but for one man to beguile his pen with ſcurrility againſt another, is reprehenſible indeed, eſpecially when he deſcends to particulars which may damniſy each other's credit, and injure him in his reputation.

Hence

Hence it muſt be allowed, that to ſucceed in a proſecution for a libel, which always ſuggeſts good name, credit, fame, and reputation in the party complaining, that the injury of the one or the other muſt be proved, and that the ſuppoſed libel is ſuch, by conſtruction from the nature of the evidence, otherwiſe the ſuit muſt fail, and leave the company to conſole.

Though in caſes of libel it has been ſaid that the jury have nought to do with the law thereon, yet that has been only argued in criminal proſecutions, and then it is ſaid to have been very unconſtitutional. In civil actions the bare fact of finding the publication is not ſufficient, becauſe in ſuch finding they may leave the law at diſcretion to work injuſtice by recording a verdict againſt truth and evidence, whereby it may appear that the defendant in *manner and form as complained againſt him*, did ſuch and ſuch a thing to the ſcandal, injury, and damage of a Plaintiff, which was never proved; therefore to try a fact, the jury ſhould conſider independent of far-fetched inferences, or ingenious inuendoes, the evidence and the ſuppoſed libel, not only externally but internally, according to the interpretation of its tendency towards the malicious defamation of the party complaining; and if it appears

to

to them that his name, fame, or repute is neither damaged nor likely to be ſo thereby, law (that is the conſequential injury) as well as fact muſt be conſidered by them, and they muſt find for a defendant.

If otherwiſe, and judges were at liberty to draw peculiar concluſions, adapted to the temper of the times, the law of England would be proſtituted, and Engliſh freedom ſubject to violation.

CUR-

CURSORY MEMOIRS OF

Miſs Y——G, of *Drury-lane Theatre.*

——Si vera fama loquatur, ego ſum vates.

THE dignity of our manners, and the honour with which our lives are conducted, beſpeak either a noble parentage, or a mind ennobled in itſelf, without the trappings of an illuſtrious lineage: and, as we meet with few who are an exception to this idea, thoſe who are not, deſerve applauſe in being ſo far able to impoſe upon the judgment of mankind in general, as to appear to them what they really *are not*; for how much are we ſtruck with an object, who, from behaviour and temper ſhall *publicly* convince

convince us ſhe is the deſcendant of perſons of quality, while *privately* known to be of low degree.——Where this power of deceiving prevails in a woman, it may do much miſchief to others, while it ſerves herſelf; though, if in ſuch ſervice ſhe afterwards prove worthy of it, that miſchief will inevitably ſink in the depth of our reſpect to inherent merit.

Miſs YOUNGE is one of thoſe Ladies who falls within the inference of the preſent exordium; and, though her conſequence may be great among the body of players, ſhe has very little to boaſt of from her birth; but as we have avowed, that birth poſſeſſes no merit, we ſhall here quit the thought, and proceed on the ſlight hiſtory of a lady, whoſe courſe of life, from the many evident ſparks of admiration ſhe has gathered, may amply compenſate for the obſcurity of her natal hour, and command our praiſe.

Whether ſhe was born in Gravel-lane, Southwark, or not, we cannot tell; but there it was ſhe received the firſt ſeeds of her education, in a ſchool where the Primmer and Croſs-row were more frequently handed about among the children of honeſt mechanics, than the guittar and tambour among thoſe of gentility.——A very ſhort time convincing Miſs Younge that ſuch company and ſuch a place were by

no means ſuitable to her inclinations, ſhe removed herſelf from thence into Oxfordſhire, where ſhe became a kind of tutoreſs in a country-ſchool, and this remove was as much to avoid connections with her mother (formerly a menial attendant in the family of an Alderman) as it was to fly at once from the purlieus of a Borough, where nothing ſufficiently elegant greeted her attention.

In the country ſhe improved herſelf in all the branches of female education which a country-academy would allow, till, by degrees, a ſomething in her *whole ſelf* began to indicate, ſhe might ſoon be able to ſtrike a piercing dart in ſome unguarded breaſt, and impreſs herſelf at once on the lawful affections of a man of fortune.——Politic indeed! for, having none of her own, it behoved her to be thus watchful in ſecuring a temporal ſituation equal to the ſublimity of her wiſhes and the capacity ſhe had to fill it with dignity. But unluckily for her, ſhe never thus ſucceeded, though every ſtratagem was employed for that purpoſe, particularly in *Berkſhire*.

There does not appear a doubt, that her perſon has ever eclipſed the idea of its being ſimply paſſable, and ſubſtituted another, to perſuade her beholders, that it was gracefully elegant, and originally wanted nothing

but experience to render it deſirable to the moſt intelligent admirer. This, in truth, was only ſuppoſed to be wanted, to be ſoon after obtained; for the trammels of a ſchool, where female pleaſures could only exiſt in imagination, growing more and more irkſome to her, ſhe took leave of teaching, and herding with little miſſes, and launched her tender bark in the ocean of a fickle life, not leſs unnoticed by reſpectable characters, than admired by others, who had the pleaſure of her acquaintance. Fame deceives us greatly, if, in the courſe of her peregrinations through England, Scotland and Ireland, ſome happy connections were not formed with her, particularly by a celebrated Scottiſh General, who ſhall be nameleſs, and others of various ages—who—faſcinated no doubt with a penetrating ſmall azure eye, were not callous enough at heart to avoid its influence.—A tall ſlender perſon—a fair complection—hands, arms, and feet, moſt happily formed——a grand and pleaſing dimpled countenance—hovering round lips of coral, and teeth of ivory, ſurely muſt command the love of an anchoret; and miſerable muſt the free lover be, who ſees theſe beauties, and cannot touch the dear——the placid poſſeſſor of them all.

We ſhall here ſpare further particulars of this lady, out of regard to her preſent character, which ſhe

alone has raiſed to an uncommon ſummit, contrary to the expectations of many of her acquaintances: they knew her when it was unfortunantely much more obſcure, and when her merit would have remained unknown, if not agitated and riſked with the public, by the efforts of her own induſtry. Sorry are we therefore to think, that any thing, in the courſe of a few years, ſhould bring her from the circles of affluence, to the neceſſity of compounding conſiderable demands in the purlieus of a mural manſion; and trebly ſorry we are to find, that ſuch fate ſhould be her lot, becauſe, on her own account, ſhe did not deſerve it.—Engagements for an extravagant brother (formerly a ſhip's caulker, but afterwards a captain of a veſſel) whom ſhe eſteemed, brought her to it, by his withdrawing from the public, and leaving an affectionate ſiſter to brave the providence of his alone too mercileſs creditors.——For *him*, a meaſure of this ſort might have been uſeful—for *her* it was diſtreſſing: —Portugal contained him, while a wretched ſtreet in the Borough was graced with an inhabitant in her, who ought rather to have reſided in a palace, and headed the table of politeneſs, where every thing might meet her natural ſmiles with equal pleaſantry.—Thus circumſtanced a ſiſter-in-law, and wife to her brother, a very pretty lively brunette woman, became her ſole companion; between whom was created a cement

ment of friendſhip, as yet undiſſolved, for they *now* both live together as conſtantly as *then*.

But to return—Miſs *Younge*, having diſperſed thoſe miſts of ill fortune which unhappily overwhelmed her, ſhe retired with her ſiſter, to private lodgings, and, for a virtuous and honourable ſuſtenance, aſſiſted her in her buſineſs of a chamber milliner, which they carried on in divers parts of this metropolis with great ingenuity and diligence; it being obſerved, that the diſpatch of their fingers was not to be equalled by any. In this way they lived reputably, and were able at all times to receive an acquaintance genteely, moſt of their friends preferring their company (though milliners) to the company of others in better circumſtances, where it was impoſſible to meet with the good nature, and affability of the engaging *Miſs Younge*, who was at all times miſtreſs of an inoffenſive ſmile, and never wanting in a ſmart and applicable ſentiment, when called upon for it.

At length, however, thinking this ſtate improper, ſhe ſecretly, and almoſt unknown to her friends, turned her mind to *playing*, and became ſo perfect in her private attempts, that on a ſudden ſhe appeared in the character of *Imogen*. The Critics were at loſs what to attribute ſuch a meteor to, ſcarce knowing who

ſhe

ſhe was, or where ſhe came from: but ſoon after, like lawyers, *ill inſtructed and well feed*, obliged to ſay ſomething, they ſtiled her a promiſing actreſs, and formerly *a milliner*; as if under that name, the public were to infer her character was ignominious: but if good behaviour with an apparent regard to truth, could avert ſuch an opinion, ſhe was as reſpectable as the tongue of malevolence might paint her otherwiſe.—Fame, like the miſerable man, is generally intoxicated, and talks at random; therefore we ſhall not cavil with the illiterate multitude, who ſeldom think right, and when they do, think ſo by chance; but ſhall conclude the general memoirs of this lady with ſaying, that as ſhe commenced a promiſing Actreſs, ſhe is now become a principal performer.—However reprehenſible any part of her life may appear in the minds of *a rigid crew*, who as often determine without thought, as think without reflection, at preſent matters not; becauſe for the laſt ſeven years ſhe has ſupported the character of a virtuous woman, and acted on the principles of juſtice. It may poſſibly be true, that ſhe has ſeldom been without an admirer; nor has ſhe confined herſelf to the acquaintance of any particular country or profeſſion; both law, phyſic, divinity, and military—Iriſhmen, Scotchmen, Engliſhmen, and Weſt-Indians, having each beheld her with the eyes of concupiſcence; but whether they

individually

individually have been happy in their purſuits, is not immediately our province to declare. We do not preſume to hold her up to the public as a celebrated courteſan; nor do we wiſh to paſs ſo ill a compliment on the memory of her perſonal charms, as to proclaim her hitherto a veſtal; for that would be inſulting the delicacy of her feelings, and make her appear what we do not mean; an object only capable of *ſuffering* the affections of another without the *ſenſe of enjoying them.*

Danglers and hangers on, are certain ſigns of a lady's attractions; and (without calling Miſs *Younge* a coquet) there is no greater proof of it in her, than the number of genteel viſitors ſhe meets with, who are always ready to add to her retinue, but who ſeldom or ever partake of that pillow on which ſhe reclines her head. She has too mean an opinion of the enjoyments of life, not to ſuppoſe them tranſitory; and too contemptible an idea of men, or their profeſſions, not to ſpurn them in private, though ſhe indulges them good-naturedly with a ſmile, in their preſence; ——thus ſhe keeps up the acquaintance of her lovers, while others, like the wind, are never at a certainty with theirs. Miſs *Younge* knows well, that happineſs conſiſts in the purſuit; and when that purſuit is once compleated, the purpoſe is anſwered, and we purſue again.

again. Thoſe who love *platonically* have an advantage above all.—In loving the mind, that of the perſon may follow; but the love of the laſt alone, ſcarce ever precedes that of the former.—One thing, however, remains yet to be obſerved of Miſs Young:——It is from public applauſe and the increaſe of her finances, that ſhe has lately loſt ſight of that modeſt humility and reſpect to her old acquaintance, which made her amiable; and which, if now properly diſplayed, would yet add to her excellence, and leave her the admiration of our ſex, while ſhe enforced the eſteem of her own. Pride, and Self-conſequence, are the children of ignorance and vanity; and ought never to take root in the ſoul of Miſs *Younge*, who heretofore has been an entire ſtranger to both.

MEMOIRS

OF

Mrs. WR———N, of *Drury-lane Theatre.*

IF it be any credit to deſcend immediately from poor (though honeſt) parents, who while they labour to live, alſo labour to do right, this lady has a claim much ſuperior to thoſe of higher birth, whoſe notions of perſonal dignity carry leſs reſpect to virtue, than is generally met with among what we call common people.—Birth poſſeſſes no merit;—with fools it inflames the narrow mind, intoxicates the fancy, and often hurries its claimants into tyranny and irreligion; while the ſcyons of a mean houſe ſupply the defect of a bauble, by ſacrificing their genius at the ſhrine of virtue and induſtry.—Mrs Wrighten is the daughter of a jeweller, at Hoxton (a man juſtly eſteemed for

his honeſty and uncommon ingenuity); and, previous to her preſent marriage, was perfectly well known by the name of pretty *Polly Matthews*.—Her mother, in order to defeat the cries of a large family, and alſo add to the earnings of her huſband, kept a huckſter's ſhop the corner of a ſtreet called the Land of Promiſe, where Mrs. Wr——n was foſtered and educated, in a decent way, till the age of twelve years; when the ſprightlineſs of her temper, added to the comlineſs of her perſon, which at that time promiſed to be agreeable, rather threw her from the bounds of a mother's government into that of her own; from whence it was diſcoverable, that ſhe was not ſo fond of her ſituation in the *Land of Promiſe*, as ſhe would be in the *Land of Performance*; and, therefore the frequent ſeverities ſhe thought ſhe experienced from the violence of her mother, led her from time to time to wiſh herſelf away from her power; at length an unacountable idea in her father, that her amuſements with ſome young lad ſhe was acquainted with, had abſolutely arrived to criminality, brought down vengeance upon her perſon, and ſhe was forced from home, without knowing where to fly for refuge.—A digreſſion is now unavoidable; for ſurely, if parents would exerciſe a little reflection, and not ſuffer themſelves to be borne down with fury, they would be

extremely cautious how they forced a daughter from their domains (however ill her behaviour) and conſider, if afterwards her practice ſhould be worſe, that then they become the authors of her infamy, and are anſwerable for her wretchedneſs; a caſe too often known, when the power of redreſs is like an attempt (in vain) to ſnatch ſome pampered favourite from the jaws of death. But however, from evil ſometimes ariſes good; and it is certain ſome things (if not all) are right in proper ſeaſons.—Mrs. Wr——n has reaſon to think this, and attribute her future welfare to the raſhneſs of inconſiderate parents; for being totally undeſerving of their wrath, and ſtrictly innocent of their unguarded charge of incontinence, ſhe took ſhelter at the houſe of an aunt (having reached the age of about fifteen) where ſhe continued a ſhort time, turning her thoughts to muſic, in which ſcience ſhe had great taſte and fancy; but it was impoſſible for her to ſucceed as a vocal performer, without cultivating her voice, which portended great perfection. A maſter was therefore conſidered of; and Mr. Griffes, a well meaning, but not a firſt rate man in his way, was pitched upon for the purpoſe; to whom Mrs. Wr——n was preſently apprenticed.

In the courſe of two or three years ſhe proved to her hearers, that ſhe was no diſgrace to her profeſſion, but

but that ſome time or other ſhe might become an ornament to the ſtage. Being near the end of her articles, ſhe was introduced to Mr. Garrick, who immediately engaged her on a decent ſalary, for a certain time; and now having a frequent intercourſe with this theatre, where myriads of fifth-rate players gaped for bread, it is not to be wondered at that ſhe had ſeveral offers of marriage; firſt, becauſe her perſon was rather agreeable, and ſecondly, becauſe her abilities as an actreſs gave every reaſon to believe, that ſhe muſt ſoon reap conſiderable profits. Mrs. Wr——n therefore, ſenſibly preferring the honour and reputation of a married life, to the ignominy and ſhame of practiſing free will, in matters of amour, gave her hand to her preſent huſband; a man poſſeſſing a tolerable ſhare of good ſenſe, an uncommon degree of good-nature, but above all a very reſpectful tenderneſs for his wife, who is thereby convinced of having made a good choice towards the promotion of her domeſtic happineſs. Though *Mrs. Wr——n* has not been much known to the public as a ſinger, it does not ariſe from want of merit.—She poſſeſſes a great ſhare, but has not the intereſt of many others, who, from larger experience, have a prior right to come forward.——Her voice is full, extenſive and muſical, though her perſon is now rather againſt her, as ſhe inclines to corpulence, however it is ſtill pleaſing;

and

and when ſhe makes herſelf miſtreſs of action, which time will afford her, ſhe may be placed among the capitals. —— Her performance in ſeveral characters, gives us a title to pronounce, that while in private ſhe is eſteemed, in public ſhe deſerves the name of an agreeable actreſs; who now ſhines with unexpected luſtre.

CUR-

CURSORY MEMOIRS OF

Miſs C——E, theatrically called R——NS.

IT has been frequently obſerved by rigid ſticklers for virtue, that nothing tends more to corrupt its votaries, than the Theatre:—in ſupport of which we are told, that few (if any) ladies make their appearance thereon, until their perſons have divided the debauchery of their minds. In general this obſervation is too well ſupported by truth; but though virtue may recoil at herding among players, the ſtage is not altogether deſtitute of it. We have not many proofs

of

of the contrary, but in thoſe we have, to the honour of the ſex be it ſpoken, it has ever triumphed over the inſidious efforts of treachery and deceit. In this walk of life, however, the temptations are unuſually great; and if a lady poſſeſſes perſonal beauty, with dramatic merit, to attract, it is virtue in the firſt magnitude to withſtand them, though her reputation will be the price ſhe muſt pay to gratify her vanity and miſtaken grandeur.

Where there are no paſſions to ſubdue, there can be no virtue, though we often find objects conduct themſelves on its principles, while, from the rigour of their conſtitution, they have no inclination to do otherwiſe. Virtue, therefore, illumines itſelf, when after a conflict in the mind, a love of chaſtity prevails over perſonal ſenſuality.

We are led to theſe thoughts, from our regard to the lady before us. She has been preſented to the public at an early age; an age fit for the commencement of a theatrical pupil, though doubtful for what is more ſacred—the preſervation of modeſty and a worthy character,—the only ornaments of a woman, whereby ſhe riſes ſuperior to thoſe, who, from the want of either, debaſe themſelves below the brute.

Without

Without further prelude, this lady's name is COLE. She is the daughter of an officer in the navy (ſome time dead) by a chatty, well meaning woman; and being educated in a very decent, domeſtic way, her ſpirits, which by nature are lively portended at the age of twelve years, that ſomething might be expected from her to pleaſe her beholders.

From a cloſe confinement hitherto at home, ſhe courted to enlarge her acquaintance, and was happy on every occaſion to join at a tea-party, or an evening's entertainment abroad: to which end, no opportunity was more agreeable than what ſhe received from the Lady of a deceaſed ſurgeon in Weſtminſter, at whoſe houſe ſhe frequently ſacrificed to mirth and jollitry; often leaving its maſter in one room to enjoy his libations to Bacchus, while ſhe, with his unfortunate wife, retired *en haut*, to enjoy—a LAUGH!

Here, no doubt, it was where ſhe received her firſt *goût* for playing, for her companion had a turn that way, and was often viſited by a Mr. F———d, who formerly played in the Hay-market, but lately in Scotland. This, however, was the leaſt acquiſition ſhe made at the ſurgeon's. A gentleman of his acquaintance

tance having often met her there, was pleaſed with the brilliancy of her thoughts, and from an unaccountable *penchant*, ever after became more and more her friend. To him ſhe is largely indebted: he has principally made her what *ſhe* is, and harmonized her ſoul by muſic's ſofter tunes. ——As ſhe is a girl of ſome ſentiment, we hope ſhe will reward him with her reſpect; but ſentiment and gratitude do not often dance hand in hand; beſides, as ſhe has a turn for poetry, ſhe may become romantic, and ſubſtitute art for liberality, by laughing *in her ſleeve* at her conqueſts. We ſincerely wiſh the reverſe, for to this friend ſhe is obliged by every moral tye. Accident threw him in her way, and as he is the common friend, and an admirer of female honour, ſhe, perhaps, may "never "look upon his like again."

For her knowledge of muſic, ſhe is obliged to Meſſrs. Dibdin and Hook, whom ſhe credits, by the rapid manner in which ſhe benefited from their inſtruction. We know not who introduced her to Mr. Garrick, but the compliment is great, to ſay, that however ſhe became known to that great maſter, ſhe ſoon enforced his eſteem for her merit. Under a feigned name, he brought her to the public bar;——a

bar from whence many have retired with hiſſes and contempt.

Her firſt character (The Country Girl) was admirable, and univerſally allowed ſo, by all our diurnal critics; ſome of whoſe account of her, do particular honour to their impartial judgment. We cannot ſay quite ſo much in favour of her *ſecond* character (Leonora); that well timed ſimplicity ſhe diſplayed in her former one, added to a pretty voice, no doubt induced her friends to think ſhe would ſucceed equally as well in this; but when we conſider the diſadvantages ſhe was under, in taking a part which other rivals are capital in, we really wonder ſhe acquitted herſelf ſo well particularly, as ſhe had undertaken it at the time of the death of her uncle, Mr. Cole, of Fleet-ſtreet. Her performance is, nevertheleſs, in both extremely promiſing, and if ſhe attends to the generous leſſons of Mr. Garrick, ſhe will probably be rewarded by fame, and become equal (if not ſuperior) to any ſecond-rate actreſs that ever appeared in the ſimple comic walk.

She is young, and therefore all her little levities are childiſh; time, with an exertion of good ſenſe, and a due reflection on what conſtitutes an amiable character, will efface every involuntary foible which

envy,

envy, or ill nature, may pourtray; cenſure is a tax paid for eminence, and, we hope, for her own ſake, as well as the happpineſs of an indulgent mother, ſhe will rank among the few who have heretofore trod the ſtage with unſullied reputation.

A

LOVE LETTER

FROM

The AUTHOR to a beautiful METHODIST.

" Fellow Labourer,

" HARD is our fate, indeed! Mine for many reaſons,—your's for more. Yet my dear as we merit the countenance of heaven, ſo may we expect its protection in all our walks, and through a ſteady perſeverance in righteouſneſs, be relived from the frowns of Fortune.—Our bondage at preſent is analogous to that of the children of Iſrael, when under the wrath of the imperious Pharaoh, but hope the ſweetener of our bitter drafts may, by a proper living, bring us, like them, through all our adverſity into the

Land

Land of Promiſe, there to compoſe our agitated ſouls with pleaſure and delight.—The patriarch Abraham, who always walked in the preſence of the Lord, met his reward, when idolatry began to corrupt the family of Heber, and when he and his family were called from Meſopotamia into Canaan, where the ſolemn covenant was made, and grace ſucceeded to their iſſue. If we believe, why may we not look for the ſame reſult in Providence which Abraham experienced?—He and his tribe had Moſes for their leader, whoſe prayers to Heaven always produced aſſiſtance.—In their weariſome journeys, waters were rendered ſweet for them, quails and manna ſhowered down from above, to feed them forty years, till they arrived in the promiſed land, where, when they murmured for water in Raphidim, by miracle it ſprung from a rock.—We alſo are not without a leader, and a true exerciſe of all his righteous laws, with a dependance on his power, no doubt may bring us at laſt, to a home of never-ending joys.—Theſe, my dear, are leſſons for us, both which added to the hiſtory of Job, teaches us never to deſpair, but to continue our ſupplication without ceaſing. Alas! What is our anxiety and trouble, compared to thoſe of Iſrael?—Nothing.—Let us then *receive* every thing with a ſmile, and conclude that thoſe backſlides we may alſo make, will, from a

rigid

rigid fath in the end, be looked over by the author of all g)od."

Your's religiouſly,

———.

To ſhew the power of religious cant, the author of this letter ſucceeded with his religious enamorata, in every thing he wiſhed, though in more perhaps than what he ought.

THE END.

ERRATA.

Page 1, line 3, verse 5, for, *of his of*, read, *of his earnest.*
Ditto 2, ditto 3, ditto 6, for, *they loved*, read, *be loved.*
Ditto 6, ditto 2, ditto 1, for, *harmony*; read, *joy.*
Ditto 6, ditto 5, ditto 1, for, *loves*, read, *lives.*
Ditto 9, ditto 2, for, *unseen by*. read, *unseen from.*
Ditto 9, ditto 4, for, where *each*, read, where *all.*
Ditto 15, ditto 11, for, *shall it be*, read, will it *be.*
Ditto 15, ditto 6, ditto 1, for, *womb*, read, *tomb*,
Ditto 20, the reference at the bottom, for, *conceiving*, read, *conscious.*
Ditto 36, line 8, for, *too soft*, read, *too oft.*
Ditto 57, ditto 3, for, *at*, read, *but.*
Ditto 68, thro' the channel of this paper, is to be omitted.
Ditto 68, line 6, for, *may* may exist, read, *it may exist.*
Ditto 68, ditto 7, for, whether *they be*, read, *it be.*
Ditto 69, ditto 4, for, *action*, read, *actions.*
Ditto 83, ditto 12, for equally *as*, read, equally *true.*
Ditto 97, ditto 13, for, *Emilius*, read, *Lubavia.*
Ditto 97, ditto 24, for, Ditto, read *Isis.*
Ditto 102, for, *To Laura* read, *To Maria.*
Ditto 118, ditto 12, for, *words*, read, *lines*
Ditto 125, ditto 19, for, *the* man and woman, read, *man* and woman.
Ditto 144, ditto 15, *Say*, should be in italics.
Ditto 151, ditto 19, for, they will undoubtedly, read *we shall*
Ditto 152, ditto 1, for, *that but*, read, *but that.*
Ditto 158, ditto 1, for, *tertissimus*, read, *tutissimus.*
Ditto 187, ditto 1, for, *gave* him, read, *give* him.
Ditto 190, ditto 7, for, *leave the company to console*, read, and leave the complainant to console *himself* on a heavy expence, in seeking redress where was none due.